

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING OF SPAIN HUNTING.



On a hunting expedition in the Riofrio Mountains the King of Spain killed four stags while his guests accounted for six. Only a few mountain ponies were obtainable, and the King is seen in the foreground with the Prince of Bavaria mounted behind.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

LORD KITCHENER AT CALCUTTA RACES.



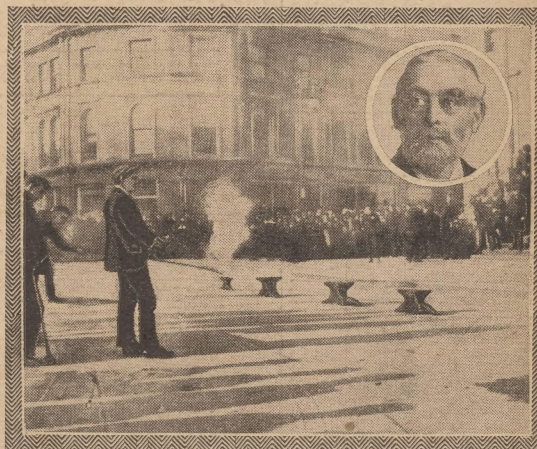
The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army is walking with Lady Eva Dugdale, lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, on the lawn at the Calcutta Races.

COMPOSITOR AS LORD MAYOR.



Mr. J. P. Nannetti, M.P., has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin at a salary of £3,687 10s. He is a working compositor, and is seen above standing by the linotype machines in the "Freeman Journal" office.—(Lafayette.)

ANVIL SALUTE AT WORTHING.



Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher has represented the Mid-Sussex Division for twenty years, and on his re-election Worthing received him outside the town hall with a salute from anvils. Inset is photograph of Sir H. Aubrey-Fletcher.

READY ON TUESDAY NEXT (Jan. 30).

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management.

Half Roan, 7/6 net; Half Calf or Half Morocco, 12/6 net; Full Calf or Tree Calf, 18/- net.

NEW EDITION.

THOUSANDS OF NEW RECIPES.

This Work has been Recompiled throughout from a special font of type, of size and clearness to suit modern requirements, printed on the best English paper, and strongly and artistically bound in Half Leather.

Thoroughly Revised, Enlarged, and Brought up to Date.

Containing over 2,000 pages of Letterpress, besides Hundreds of Illustrations and many Coloured Plates.

Twice the size of the old Edition, it forms a Complete Guide to Cookery in all its branches, including:—

DAILY DUTIES
MISTRESS AND SERVANT
HOTSESS AND GUEST
MARKETING AND ACCOUNTS
MENUS AND MENU MAKING

TRUSSING AND CARVING
SICK NURSING
THE CARE OF CHILDREN
THE HOME DOCTOR
THE HOME LAWYER

As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation Volume at any period of the year Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" is entitled to the very first place. THE BOOK WILL LAST A LIFETIME, AND SAVE MONEY EVERY DAY.

WARD, LOCK, and CO., LTD., SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the office of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 Saturday 10 to 3, at the rate of 12 words 1s. 6d. (11d. each word afterwards), except for SITUATIONS WANTED, for which the rate is 1s. for 15 words, and 2d PER WORD AFTER. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by POSTAGE STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, SUFFICIENT STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE MUST BE SENT WITH THE ADVERTISEMENT.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A.A.—Suits, 34s.; Overcoats, 30s.; 4s. monthly.—Wittam, 251, Old-st., E.C.

A.—Free dainty sample Handkerchiefs with illustrated lists; send stamp.—British Linen Co., Oxford-st., London.

A.—High-class tailoring on improved system, 10s. monthly.—A. Barwell, 416, Strand (opposite Taville).

A.—S. PARCEL.—UNDERLINEN.—Eight ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats, 3 beautiful nightdresses 10s. 6d.; approval.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

A. Bona to all—Fashionable Suits and Overcoats, 10s. monthly.—Smith and Adams, 26, Ledgate-hill, E.C.

A. Rich dark sable brown, six feet long, Duchess Stole, with six tails; large Muff to match; new over; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.—O. D., Central House, Denmark-hill, London.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT: 68 articles, 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval.—Call or write, Nuno Scott, 251, Whitefriars-st. (private house), near Askew Arms, Shepherd's Bush.

BARGAIN: 10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 39, Union-st., Clapham.

"BEATALL Remnants": 1s. 2d. parcels, damask, muslin, lace; sample lace, 2d.—Beatall, Rushden.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes: sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BEAUTIFUL Furs from every land; catalogue free.—Baker, Pooley, and Co. (Dept. 30 K), Wansford.

BEAUTIFUL hand-made Homespuns actually produced by the peasantry among remote Donegal mountains, golling, creeling, shooing, valuing, etc. suits, smart shades, write for patterns.—Donegal Homespun Association, Donegal.

BEAUTIFUL Set Furs.—Rich dark sable brown, six feet long, Duchess Stole, deep shape collar, satin-lined, with six tails; large Muff to match; new over; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment, 20/- E. 84, Brixton-rd., London.

BOOTS on Credit.—Ladies' 6s., Gent's 10s. 6d.; Overcoats, 21s.; good Business Suits, 27s. 6d.; Tailor-made Costumes, 25s.; Jackets, Mantles, Waterproofs, and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. No. 323 A, Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, London N.

ELEGANT new sealskin Jacket; sacrifice, 27s.; well lined; approval.—Madam, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

EXQUISITE Elegance.—Ladies' fine English Irish linen nightdresses, trimmed lace, 4s. 6d.; chemises to match, 2s. 11d.; knickers, ditto 2s. 6d.; sale ends 31st; samples for postcard.—Hutton's, 31, Lorne, Ireland.

FURS.—Elegant long sable hair Stole, only 7s. 6d.; ditto, with cape shoulders, 8s. 6d.; approval.—Nina, 27, Balham-hill, Surrey.

FURS.—Elegant white Thibet 7ft. long Stole; 12s. 6d.; approval.—Dunlop, 507, Wandsworth-rd.

GRATIS to every lady, "Hosezone," the "Perfect" Sanitary Towel with guide to fit any waist, free by post.—The Hosezone Co., 10, St. James's-st., London.

GREAT clearance sale of Costume-Skirts, etc.; catalogue free.—Baker, Pooley, and Co., Manufacturers, 30 F, Wansford.

HAWKERS job-lots of blouses and clothing free.—Baker, Pooley, and Co., Manufacturers, 30 F, Wansford.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. needed to send your order for Costumes from 21s.; Jackets, General Drapery, Boots, Waterproofs, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; easiest terms and quickest delivery; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 253, A. Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, N.

AIDS DIGESTION.

BRACES THE NERVES.

PLASMON

COCOA

One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa.

NOURISHES — WARMS — STRENGTHENS.

WILLIAMS' FURNISHING CO.,

69 to 77, JUDD STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

Judd Street is close to ALL the King's Cross Railway Stations. Business Hours 9 to 8; Saturdays till 6. Thursdays we do NOT close early.

FURNISH ON EASY TERMS.

TERMS.

TOWN

or

COUNTRY.

WORTH.

PER MONTH.

£10 6 0

£20 11 0

£40 1 5 0

£50 1 8 0

£100 2 5 0

£200 4 10 0

£500 11 5 0

Any amount pro rata.

NO EXTRA CHARGES. NO ADDED INTEREST.

CARRIAGE PAID.

ALL GOODS PRICED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

CARPETS AND LINOS LAID FREE.

WE CONDUCT OUR BUSINESS WITHOUT PUBLICITY.

"1906" Guide and Catalogue Post Free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

LADIES Lovely Underclothing, 3 garments, including nun's veiling nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; set 4 garments, 7s. 6d.; approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

LADIES.—Three well-made Horrockses Flannelette Undergarments, sent P.O. 54, Layton, 19, Speldhurst-st., Hackney, N.E.

ONE Shilling in stamps brings three beautiful Gent's Ties, post free.—The King, Hull.

ONE Shilling Weekly.—Clothing to measure below shop-keepers prices; Overcoats from 21s.; good business Suits from 27s. 6d.; ladies' Jackets, Boots, Mantles, and Tailor-made Costumes from 25s.; Waterproofs from 17s. 6d.; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 118 A, Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, London N.

OVERCOATS from 21s., suits from 27s. 6d., delivered on small deposit; balance 1s. weekly; boots, ladies' jackets, mantles, and tailor-made costumes from 25s.; waterproofs, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 118 A, Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, London N.

STOCKING SALE.—Dress lengths from 6s. 9d. to 2 yard blouse lengths from 1s.; patterns free.—Manchester Warehouse Co., Leeds.

TROUSSEAU (not required), Nightdresses, Chemises, etc.; 25s.; weekly payments.—M. 21, Queen-st., Leeds.

2s. 6d. Down will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 6, Cheapside, and 266, Edwared-st.

Articles for Disposal.

A.—Art Case Baby's Mail-cart.—Gentle shape; very handsome design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage for 34s. 6d.; carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval before payment; photo.—Eaton, 90, Brookwood, Stoke Newington.

A.—Art Case Baby's Mail-cart.—Lady will sacrifice high-class carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 positions; quite new; accept 35s.; carriage paid; approval before payment; photo.—Rev., 12, Cannonbury-st., Islington, London N.

ALL Marriages made a success on easy terms by the use of our lucky 2nd gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 33s. 6d. per pair; watches, clocks, cutlery, and jewelry delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free.—Write Dept. 162 A, Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, London N.

ARTISTIC Needlework.—To advertise our celebrated "Ossie's" Brightest Lustrous Yarn, we send for six penny stamps beautiful shade card showing 150 lovely colours, together with samples of the various sizes in which it is made. "Ossie's" is splendid for embroidery, crochet, knitting, tatting, smoking, and feather-stitching stocked by all fancy drapers and art needlework stores. See our priorities and manufacturers, Tubbs, Hiscocks, and Co., Dept. 10, 16-22, Milner-st., E.C.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Sweeping victory for Bovril.

Over 1,600 Hospitals and Public Institutions use it.

PAWNBROKERS' CLEARANCE SALE.—Full List Post

Free on Application.
GENT'S 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled, perfect timekeeper, 10 years warranty; also 18-carat gold stamped filled double curb Albert, seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear; 3 together, sacrifice 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S 18-carat gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold stamped filled, elegant design; guaranteed 15 years' wear; two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

MAGNIFICENT Set of Furs, rich dark sable brown, 6ft. long, Duchess Stole, satin-lined, deep shape collar, with 6 tails and large Muff to match; never worn; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SHEPHERD Table Cutlery Service, 12 table, 12 desert knives, carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles; unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.

ELEGANT White Silken, long Duches Furs Stole, with fox heads and bushy tails; handsome Muff to match; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval.

CURB Chain Padlock Bracelet, 18-carat gold stamped filled, in velvet case, 6s. 6d.; another, heavier quality (stamped), 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

HANDSOME Long Neck Chain, 18-carat gold stamped filled, choice design; velvet case; sacrifice 6s. 6d.; another, heavier, extra long, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S Diamond Heart Locket, takes two photos, real diamond in centre; necklace attached; genuine 18-carat gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S solid gold stamped Keyless Watch, jewelled 10 tables, richly engraved, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; week's trial; sacrifice, 21s., approval before payment.

LADY'S solid gold half-marked diamond and emerald doublet Half-hoop Ring, large, lustrous stones; very heavy; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

MAGNIFICENT Phonograph, with aluminium trumpet, lever action; with six 1s. 6d. records; lot, 15s. 6d.; approval.

O. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark-hill, Camberwell, London.

BLANKETS, Quilted Sheets, Bed-wear, and Drapery of every description delivered on small deposit; balance 1s. weekly; price list post free.—Write Dept. 111, A. Thomas, 317 and 319, Upper-st., Islington, London N.

CALL or Send—Down Quilt, full size, 72 by 60, best sixteen covering only 3s. 6d. each; carr. 6d.; 2 for 7s. 6d. carriage paid; 300 must be cleared at once; a great bargain.—Stewart, 25, Milton-st., London, E.C.

CONFECTIONERS' Ovens, coal, coke or gas; self-contained; tenants' interest; latest design; illustrated list free.—Mabbott, Phoenix Iron Works, Manchester.

FREE.—62 illustrations of genuine engravings from paintings of Royal Academicians and eminent artists on receipt of p.c.—The Trust, 205, Oxford-st.

FURNITURE.—Rich Saddle-leg Suite, large handsome Carpet Rug, Table, and Vase, only 2s. 10s., or 2s. 6d. week; iron-frame Pianos, from 210 1088, Bedroom Suits, 24 10s.; see these.—Hine, 77, Whitechapel, Stoke Newington.

HAND-PAINTED Cushion Covers, lovely designs, 1s. 6d. each; approval.—Wardlaw, Northampton, North.

LARGE assortment of new and second-hand leather Trunks for sale cheap.—Wentler, 107, Charing Cross-rd.

LIGHTNING Firelighters; light quickest, burn longest; wonderful cheap; 1d. packets; all dealers.—Gills, Hick-mondwick.

MINIATURES! MINIATURES!! A. C. and Co. Miniature in delicate colours of yourself or friends, mounted in rolled GOLD PENDANT and delivered in plush-lined case, 2s. 11s. post free. Extra: Set, gold and silver, Double Pendant, that is, photo on both sides—is extra: Miniature without Pendant, extra: Baby Photograph, which is returned unmounted to Miniature Co., Dept. A1, 130 Vero-rd., London N. I.P.O.'s enclosed.

PATCHWORK.—Lovely Silks Velvets 1s. large parcel.—Madame Rose, 176, Bamber-st., S.W.

EMANUEL'S sterling value; over 40 years' reputation; Pawnbrokers' Bankruptcy Association; list free.

MAGNIFICENT Set of Furs, 10s. 6d.; rich dark sable hair 6ft. long Stole, with six tails and Muff; unsold; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

CURB chain padlock Bracelet, 18-carat gold stamped filled, in case, 6s. 6d.; another, set with pearls and turquoise, 8s. 6d.; approval.

SHEPHERD Table Cutlery Service; 12 table, 12 chesse knives, carvers and steel; Crayford ivory secure handles; 10s.; unsold; approval.

ELEGANT Service ivory half-marked Sheffield Table Cutlery, 12 table, 12 deserts, carvers, and steel, 25s. 6d.; approval.

FISH Bones and Forks; handsome case; 6 pairs; massively silver half-marked mounted ivory handles; 14s. 6d. case fish cutlery, 2s. 6d.; set, 2s. 6d.; approval.

PLATED Dish Covers, set of five; sizes 10 to 18in., with detachable handles; finest quality nickel silver-plated; 27s. 6d.; list 2s. 6d.; approval.

FIELD, Race, Marine Glasses; celebrated maker, Delamere, 2, York-st., London, E.C. 4; 12s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; half-quantity 13s.; approval.

IRISH Table Linen (guaranteed), bankruptcy stock; unprecedented value; 2 21yd. double damask tablecloths, 2 2yd. do. 12 service; 12 service; 12 service; half-quantity 13s.; approval.

EMANUEL, 31, Clapham-rd., London.

Other Daily Bargains on page 15.

BOER EMISSARY AND THE LIBERALS

Mr. Smuts Arrives To Demand a Constitution.

SECRET EMBASSY.

The Boers have lost no time in calling on the new Government to fulfil its pledges in regard to the Transvaal. While the country is still in the turmoil of the election, Mr. J. C. Smuts, formerly State Secretary of the Boer Republic, has arrived in England as a confidential emissary of the Dutch of the conquered Colony.

His mission is involved in mystery, and both his departure from South Africa and his arrival in this country were kept a close secret. It is, however, certain that Mr. Smuts's object is to urge on the new Government the necessity of granting immediately representative government to the new Colony. So far he has had no interview with either the Prime Minister or Lord Elgin, but he is paying the way by frequent consultations with unofficial leaders of the Liberal Party.

One Man One Vote Unfair.

Besides the demand for responsible government, Mr. Smuts will protest to the Colonial Office against the principle of "one man one vote," which, he contends, is unfair to the Boers.

Mr. Smuts is certainly an able representative of Boer interests. Whether his proposals will be equally advantageous to British rights is another question, for he is the darling of the reactionary Boers, who still dream of an Afrikaner Republic, and has since the war done his best to intensify the difficulties in the way of Lord Milner and Lord Selborne.

Mr. Smuts, whose name is likely to figure very prominently in the history of the next year or two, is now about thirty-six years old, tall, well-set-up, and uncommonly handsome, with fair hair, a high forehead, and the steel-blue eyes that mark the enthusiast. Nevertheless, he is diplomatic and adroit in argument.

The son of a wealthy farmer in the Malmesbury district of Cape Colony, he was educated at the South Africa College and at Stellenbosch, the home of the Young Afrikaner Party. He won the Porter Scholarship, which would have brought him to England just when the bank, in which its funds were invested, failed.

Mr. Rhodes said the lad of such promise ought not to suffer on this account, and paid his expenses at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he came out first of his year in the Law Tripos.

Saved the Mines from Destruction.

After the Raid he became Mr. Rhodes's bitterest enemy, and stumped the country against his benefactor.

Shortly afterwards he went to Pretoria to practise as a barrister.

He soon gathered a practice in Pretoria, and in 1897 Mr. Kruger, as a reward for political services, made Mr. Smuts State Attorney, in succession to Dr. Coster, who had prosecuted the reform prisoners. He had little success in this office, and was once sent home to change his clothes for daring to appear in the Volksraad in grey trousers, for the Boers were particular that their representatives should be "all blacks" in clothes, at least.

During the war he fought bravely, and took a leading part with General Buller in saving the mines from destruction. He took a prominent part in the Vereeniging peace negotiations.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HEALTH.

The Birmingham correspondent of the "British Weekly" states that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's health is causing much anxiety, and adds "his strenuous days are over."

The special correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, who was present with Mr. Chamberlain during his recent campaign, states, however, that there is no cause at all for anxiety concerning the right hon. gentleman's health.

Indeed, during his drive through Birmingham last Wednesday week it was remarked that he looked as young as he did ten years ago.

LIBERAL LADY HOSTESSES.

Lady Wimborne is likely to open the social life in London with the Liberals early in March.

The next hostess to appear on the scene is Lady Portsmouth, and she and Lord Portsmouth are giving a dinner party for the Prime Minister, which will be followed by a reception.

WHY LORD KERRY WAS BEATEN.

Lord Kerry's defeat by three votes at Windsor was brought about by two out-voters at Blackpool, who, urged by Lord Kerry's agent to journey to Windermere, did so, and voted for the other candidate.

Mr. Morse, the new Liberal member for South Wilts, who after the declaration of the poll was imprisoned at the residence of the Deputy-Mayor of Wilton, declared yesterday that he would have been torn to pieces, limb from limb, if the mob could have got hold of him.

PRINCE EDDY AS 'BEATER.'

King Edward Enjoys a Day's Shooting at Windsor with His Little Grandsons.

King Edward gave great delight to his little grandsons, Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales, yesterday.

His Majesty took them to act as beaters when he went shooting over the royal coverts around Cranbourne Tower.

The day was fine, and his Majesty secured a heavy bag, thanks largely to the exertions of the young Princes, who threw themselves into their work with the greatest zest.

The Princes are obviously enjoying their stay at Windsor after their holiday at Sandringham. They appear to be in the best of health and spirits when out riding or at golf, to the pleasures of which they are being introduced.

Their sister, Princess Mary, is also attracting much attention by her capital horsemanship. She enjoyed a spirited canter on her favourite pony in Windsor Park yesterday.

His Majesty has deferred his departure from Windsor until Wednesday next.

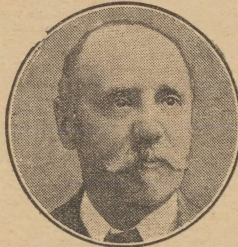
Princess Alexander of Teck and the infant Princess continue to make good progress.

NEW LORD OF APPEAL.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton Takes the Place of Sir James Mathew on the Bench.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, K.C., to be one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, in succession to Sir James Charles Mathew, resigned.

Another honour, as a natural sequel, will doubtless be conferred at an early date. The new Judge



MR. FLETCHER MOULTON, K.C.

will probably take his seat in Court of Appeal No. 1, on Monday next.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton is the greatest living authority on patent law, and has given opinions on everything from a pair of corsets to a model safe. He is also an electrical authority, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Society on this account.

SIMPLON'S FIRST TRAIN.

Passenger Traffic Begun Through the Longest Tunnel in the World.

ISSELLE (Switzerland), Thursday.—The ordinary passenger service through the Simplon Tunnel was inaugurated to-day, the first train entering the tunnel at 8.56 a.m. from the north, and leaving it at 9.33 a.m. The best of conditions prevailed so far as temperature and other matters are concerned.

On the train emerging from the tunnel cheers were raised by the spectators and salutes were fired. The train consisted of an engine and four passenger coaches containing a number of eminent personages and journalists.—Reuter.

The Simplon Tunnel, which was begun in 1898, is the longest in the world, and cost about £3,000,000 to construct. It is twelve and a half miles in length, and passes under 6,000 feet of solid rock at the point of the Simplon Pass.

LADY ROLLESTON REBUKES LEICESTER.

Lady Rolleston, the wife of Sir John Rolleston, the defeated Unionist member for Leicester, writes to the *Daily Mirror* with reference to the recent election. She complains of the tactics of the Labour candidate.

"Have they gone mad," she asks, "the inhabitants of this Midland town, to believe the vapourings of this ambitious man?"

"His hoodlums are out with stones and dirt, and in the darkness you must hide your head, nor look for chivalry to save the hurt, for the labourer reigns at Leicester."

We have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a donation of £8 from the workmen of the Meter and Stove Dept., Gas Light and Coke Company, Laburnum-street, Kingsland-road, N., and of 8s. from M. E. R. This will pay the wages of thirty-six men employed to-day in Battersea under the *Daily Mirror* scheme.

LONDON'S BEDTIME.

Contrast Between Business Methods in North and South.

STRIKING VIEWS.

Our correspondent, "Lancastrian's" contention that London business men devote too much time to pleasure, and by keeping late hours handicap themselves in the race for commercial supremacy, has aroused the keenest interest. We give below a selection from the numerous letters we have received on the subject:—

BUSINESS AT 1 A.M.

There was a man known as "Paget, M.P.," of whom Kipling wrote in his "Departmental Ditties," and I would advise "Lancastrian" to read those verses if he has not already done so; Paget's and "Lancastrian's" are very similar cases; they both criticise a subject of which they are ignorant.

In the north the hours between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. may be devoted entirely to business, but outside those hours no business is done. In London the business man's hours are twenty-four per day, and I venture to state that more work is done in London restaurants and clubs after "Lancastrian" is asleep than his rather narrow provincial mind has conceived. ANOTHER LANCASTRIAN. Earl's Court, S.W.

DEGENERATE LONDON.

The writer of the very sensible letter which you published yesterday is not the only one who is thoroughly dissatisfied with the degeneration that characterises London life of the present day.

Speaking with thirty-five years' experience of commercial affairs in the City of London, I can unhesitatingly say that a disgraceful tendency has for many years been growing towards the shortening of hours spent at the office and the lengthening of those spent in eating and drinking at glorified taverns, which now rejoice in the name of restaurant and club.

This state of things is undoubtedly leading on to the downfall of home-life and of the Empire. West Hampstead, N.W. J. L. de V.

MUCH SLEEP NOT NECESSARY.

Perhaps your correspondent has never considered the fact that the brighter and quicker-witted southerner may be able to do as much work in six hours as his more ponderous brother of the north does in nine.

I have yet to learn that few hours spent in sleep are a sign of decadence, and I think that if "Lancastrian" will take the trouble to inquire he will find that the cleverest men of these and past days have been men who spent the fewest hours in bed. Queen Anne's-mansions, S.W. L. J. G.

WASTED TIME IN THE NORTH.

If we are to believe "Lancastrian's" statements, in his letter published in your yesterday's issue, it would appear that the northerner is a peculiarly uncouth and ill-mannered person.

In the north, apparently, if you are invited out to dinner, you go to eat, and when you have finished eating you leave.

"Lancastrian" would have us believe that the northerner does nothing but sleep, eat, and strive after money; and yet we of the decadent south have heard stories of "a most wicked waste of time" in northern cities, when business has been brought to an entire standstill during a whole afternoon, just because two professional football clubs were fighting for some league trophy—or for gate.

I write as a northerner by birth and education, but in the face of "Lancastrian's" comparison between the people of north and south, I shall undoubtedly range myself on the side of the more civilised and courteous south, and sign myself, Redhill, Surrey. SOUTHERNER.

CHARMING FRENCH DRAMA.

A large and enthusiastic audience gathered last night at the New Royalty Theatre to witness the performance of M. Jean Aicard's charming domestic drama, "Le Père Lebonnard."

M. Silvain, one of the most polished and perfect of living comedians, has never been seen to greater advantage than in the character of the peppery and tender-hearted ex-watchmaker.

WEST INDIAN TROOPS TO BE RETAINED.

The Earl of Elgin has reversed the decision of the late Government with regard to the withdrawal of troops from the West Indies, and has written to the West Indian Committee stating that a white force of artillery and engineers will be retained in Jamaica, although its number cannot yet be definitely stated.

COMEDY OF NAMES.

In a weights and measures case at Willesden yesterday the accused were called White and Steel, the inspector White, the defending solicitor White, and the magistrate Wright.

CORRIDOR PERIL.

Terrible Accident Emphasises Need of Safer Travelling Conditions.

"Make corridor trains compulsory," said everybody when Miss Money was murdered in the tunnel at Merstham.

The terrible accident which happened on the Great Western Railway on Wednesday night, and which was reported in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, shows that not even corridor trains will be safe until their construction is altered.

Miss Annie Spratt, who lives at 37, Clapham-street, Swindon, had been spending the day shopping with two friends at Bath. She returned by the 7.24 train, which went through Chippenham at eight minutes past ten.

As soon as the train had passed through the latter station Miss Spratt walked along the corridor to the ladies' compartment at the end. She opened



MISS ANNIE SPRATT.

the wrong door, however, and fell out on the line while the train was travelling at full speed. Her body was picked up by an engine-driver who was engaged in shunting operations, and she was removed to the local cottage hospital, where she lies in such a critical condition that she is not expected to recover.

The relatives of Miss. Rochaid, who was killed in the Crick Tunnel on the London and North-Western Railway, have found that the fur cloak which they thought she must have taken with her is at her father's house at Dinard. This disposes of what was expected to be a valuable clue to the mystery of her death.

TRAGEDY OF THE HUNTING-FIELD.

Captain, Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, Fell from His Horse with Fatal Result.

Captain J. Livingston Campbell, superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, met with his death while hunting in Derbyshire yesterday with the Meynell Hounds.

At the close of a sharp forty-five minutes' run he fell from his horse, but quickly remounted. He was then seen to reel in his saddle and fall heavily to the ground.

When picked up he was dead, having dislocated his neck. The hounds were at once sent home.

Captain Campbell, who was fifty-one years of age, succeeded Admiral Graham at Sheerness on January 1 last year. Formerly he was in command of the battleship *Majestic*, of the Channel Fleet.

The inquest showed that Captain Campbell had an apoplectic seizure before falling from his horse.

DEAL IN A LONDON SITE.

Treasury Prosecutes Land Agent and Engineer in Regard to Mysterious Difference of £6,000.

Transactions with regard to a site in Euston-road, which belonged to Lord Southampton, were described at length at Bow-street yesterday, when Samuel Geddes, a land agent, and Michael C. Meaby, a civil engineer, were charged with having obtained money from the Hearts of Oak Society by fraud, and Meaby was in addition charged with perjury.

Mr. Bodkin, who prosecuted, said that Geddes agreed to purchase the site for £30,000, and Meaby, who said he was dealing direct with the owner, was authorised by the society to offer £26,000 for it.

Counsel maintained that there could be no doubt that the difference between £30,000 and £26,000 was shared in some way by the two men. A remand was ordered.

CLERICAL LADIES BARRED.

The late Baroness Louisa von Bissing, who died at Brighton, has left £5,000 to be known as the May Lodge Trust Fund, for the erection of a home for poor gentlewomen suffering from cancer.

Preference is to be given to wives, widows, or daughters of Naval officers, "but on no account are the wives, widows, or daughters of clergymen of any denomination to become inmates of the home."

At a concert at Southampton last night the mayor, Mr. Cawle, announced that the Hilda fund was now £3,500, and would be invested so that the dependents on the fund would be provided for for fourteen years.

HUSBAND'S "LIFE OF PLEASURE."

Rich Young Wife Accuses Him of Gross Neglect.

STUDIED INSULTS.

The Hurlingham Club, the hunting field, house-parties in country houses all over England, riverside bungalows, the City market where oil shares are dealt in, Mayfair mansions, West End theatres, seaside hotels, the hockey ground—all these and many others were the scenes of incidents described in a panoramic divorce story told before Mr. Justice Bargarve Deane yesterday.

There were two petitions, one that of the wife, Mrs. Gladys Jessie Stourton, for divorce on the ground of her husband's cruelty and unfaithfulness; the other that of the husband, Mr. Aubrey Joseph Stourton, for restitution of conjugal rights. Both suits were defended.

Hunting and Hockey Lady.

Mrs. Stourton is a "hunting lady" and a hockey player. Mr. Stourton is a hunting man and a polo player. They both belonged to the leisure class.

Their common interest in hunting and games brought them together in 1896. Although Mr. Stourton is a Roman Catholic and Mrs. Stourton is a Protestant, they were married. At the time of the wedding she was nineteen and he was twenty-eight.

There were other differences in their position besides that of religion. While Mrs. Stourton was the daughter of a mother exceedingly well to do, Mr. Stourton, according to the narrative of Mr. Priestley, K.C., had no means of his own at all.

This he frankly admitted. At the time of the marriage, he said to his wife, "What do you think I married you for except your money?" and, in the presence of a butler, he taunted her with "What do you think I married an old hag like you for?"

Mr. Stourton, Mr. Priestley proceeded, set out to live a selfish life of pleasure, supported by the money of his wife. Of the £2,000 a year settled on her he drew, by her wish, £1,000, and during the eight years they lived together he received an average of £2,000 a year in addition from funds supplied to his wife by her mother, Mrs. Thomas. From the latter lady he once borrowed £21,000 in one sum, saying he wanted it for deals in oil shares.

"Brutal Conduct."

He openly flouted her in his preference for the society of other ladies. First there was a Mrs. Hunt, to whom he paid attentions at polo tournament house-parties. Then a Miss Matterson came on the scene.

One day Mr. Stourton took his wife to Hurlingham. He stopped at the cab which conveyed them, and Miss Matterson got in. On the polo ground, in Mrs. Stourton's words, Mr. Stourton flirted dreadfully with Miss Matterson. After dinner he drove away with Miss Matterson, shouting to his wife, who was unattended, that a Mr. Stewart would see her home.

At house parties to which the Stourtons were invited Mr. Stourton danced attendance on Miss Matterson.

To his wife he was not only neglectful but, so Mr. Priestley put it, brutal. He told her when she talked of his flirtations "not to teach her grandmother to suck eggs." He ordered her in front of servants "to keep her mouth shut." When she was expecting her first child he said to her that it would be a curse, not a joy and a blessing, as her sister had written.

One day she searched in the pocket of a coat belonging to him and found a photograph of Miss Matterson.

Ignored His First Child.

When the little one came Mr. Stourton went away to Yorkshire to shoot on a moor he had hired.

His wife finally decided to leave him after an interview with him in rooms that he had in Curzon-street. "Why is the portrait of Miss Matterson gone?" she said. "I loved her madly," replied Mr. Stourton. "She has married somebody else."

Then he made admissions about his behaviour with women, not those whom counsel had named. Mrs. Stourton thought the matter over during some days which she spent hunting. She sought the hunting-field in order to regain composure of mind.

Finally she decided to put the unhappy state of affairs before her relatives. The result was a separation from Mr. Stourton, who demanded an allowance.

After the separation, said Mr. Priestley, he was seen at Birchington-on-Sea walking arm-in-arm with Miss Matterson. On his blotter were found the words, "My own, own baby." There were also marks of Miss Matterson's writing.

Mrs. Stourton, a charming-looking young lady, repeated details of the above story, and the case was adjourned.

"I'm a horse-meat salesman," observed a man to the Southwark County Court Judge yesterday. Judge Adcock: I suppose you mean a cat's-meat man.

MATCHBOX MEALS.

Four-Course Dinner for Two Can Be Carried in Waistcoat Pocket.

That a large matchbox can contain a four-course dinner for two sounds an impossibility, but the latest method of preserving vegetables and other provisions has rendered this an accomplished fact. Most of the large provision merchants have now for sale packages of vegetables of all kinds treated by the new evaporating process and reduced to the smallest size.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was shown some specimens. There were beans, averaging about half an inch in length, which, if cooked, would have expanded to their normal slices of about three inches; rhubarb, cut into lengths, suitable for pies, but so small that a matchbox would hold enough of them to satisfy several people.

Carrots, cabbages, leeks, onions, turnips, all were there in the evaporated state, only requiring to be properly treated to become as appetising as the fresh varieties.

For campers-out, and travellers of all kinds, this new process comes as an invaluable boon, for, if cooking is found to be impossible, the materials can be eaten in the raw state, and will be found equally nourishing and quite palatable.

"SCRAP OF PAPER" WILL APPROVED.

Probate Court Jury Decide in Favour of Testament on a Torn Envelope.

The special jury in Judge Bargarve Deane's court yesterday decided in favour of the will which was written on a torn envelope.

This strange will made by Dr. Cornelius O'Doherty left everything to his wife, with whom he lived on most happy terms, and in his letters to her he signed himself "your own poor Poodles," adding that, although he left her all he had, she was at liberty to marry again.

The will was contested by the doctor's brother, on whose behalf Mr. Shearman, K.C., contended that the will was only a dirty scrap of paper, not properly attested. The jury did not agree with this, and probate was accordingly granted.

MRS. SEDDON'S RELEASE.

The Holloway Prison Authorities Will Hand Her Over to the Church Army To-day.

Before noon to-day Mrs. Seddon, the pathetic figure in the Mortlake tragedy, will be a free woman.

There will be no heartrending mistake about her release this time, for the Governor of Holloway Prison has officially notified the Church Army that to-day she may turn her back on the iron gratings, and last night the army had made all arrangements to receive her.

A cab will meet her at the prison door to convey her to a peaceful retreat, and if her health permits she will be sent later to the country to a fresh-air home.

Owing to her age she will not be expected to do much work, as the shock of hearing her death sentence pronounced and the incarceration of many long weeks have shattered her nervous system.

JUDICIAL VIEW OF MOTORING.

Mr. Justice Darling, in Caustic Mood, Suggests How Gradations of Speed Might Be Tabulated.

Mr. Justice Darling was in a characteristically satirical vein when sitting yesterday in the King's Bench Division.

His Lordship was trying a motor-car case, and Mr. Desturnal, one of the counsel, incidentally mentioned that the value of the motor-car had been enhanced by the addition of a speed indicator.

"What is a speed indicator?" asked his Lordship. "Well my lord, it indicates the speed at which the motor-car has travelled."

"Indeed," remarked the Judge innocently. "I often thought that those indicators would be improved by having the various degrees of speed marked—'Fine, Imprisonment, Manslaughter, and Murder.'"

JUDGE SITS IN HIS OVERCOAT.

In consequence of the cold and draughty condition of King's Bench Court VII., Mr. Justice Walton yesterday had to put on his great-coat over his robes.

Mr. Justice Bucknill refused to occupy the same court recently, and was accordingly transferred to another.

POLICE STATION FOR SALE.

So little use has been found for the police station in Aigburth Vale, a district where many shipowners and merchants reside, that the Liverpool authorities have decided to offer it for sale.

"NERO."

Last Night's Magnificent Production at His Majesty's.

ROME ON FIRE.

For over three hours the eyes of the first-night audience at His Majesty's were delighted and entranced. In "Nero" Mr. Tree's genius for spectacle has been given full play. Of drama there is little. We have instead the most beautiful succession of stage pictures ever imagined.

We see, to begin with, the Palace of the Cæsars in Rome, a magnificent pillared hall. It is dark without. Across the sky there shoot meteors boding ill to the great ones of the earth.

One great one already lies low. Upon a bier lies Claudius Cæsar, murdered by Agrippina, his wife. Her ambition is to set her son, Nero, on the throne, and to reign herself through him. He is proclaimed Emperor. The Praetorian Guard accept him with acclamation, for is not Agrippina the daughter of the famous general, Germanicus? The populace add their shouts to those of the soldiers, and Nero is the "master of the world."

O wine of the world, the odour and gold of it: There is no thirst which I may not assuage—There is no hunger which I may not sate: Nought is forbidden me under heaven!

For a time all goes smoothly. Nero is a mountebank who acts and sings in public, and paints his face, surrounds himself with boys in women's clothes, and invents wonderful banquets. His mother and his Ministers rule the Roman Empire. But the Ministers grow weary of Agrippina's domination. They represent to Nero that she is dangerous. She must be banished.

Where Dancing Girls Charm.

Easier said than done. The Dowager-Empress refuses to leave Rome.

Leave Rome! Why, I would die as I did sleep—Outside her gates, and glide beneath a shadow. The blood would cease to flow in my veins, my heart Stop, and my breath subside without her walls.

Rather will she proclaim Nero's young half-brother Britannicus Emperor in Nero's stead. Nero, however, puts a stop to that plan by poisoning Britannicus at a banquet, where dancing girls charm the guests' senses with languorous rhythms, while showers of rose-leaves fall on them gently from above. This also gives us the opportunity to learn what the Romans used to have for dinner.

Britannicus out of the way, it remains only to get rid of Agrippina. We see Nero in his seaside villa at Baiae, with a lovely view of sea and coast scenery, plotting to send his mother out in a pleasure yacht and drown her.

The plan is carried out, but Agrippina escapes and swims ashore. Nero is in an agony of remorse, and when she appears, dripping from the waves, he naturally supposes her to be a ghost, and falls headlong, fainting, with a terrible cry.

Agrippina does not profit by her swimming feat, however, for the Ministers have her killed at once. After this, although Nero had no hand in the actual deed himself, it imagines that she is continually bringing misfortunes upon him.

Chants a Lunatic's Ode.

He is, by this time, almost raving mad, and when word is brought to him that Rome is on fire, he scarcely heeds the news. On the terrace of the Palace overlooking the imperial city (a marvellous effort of the scene-painter, Mr. Harker) he watches the flames gradually spread, and chants a lunatic ode to the devouring element.

Blaze. Rage. Blaze. For now am I free of thy blood—I have appeared and stood Thy blood is no more on my head. I am purged. I am cleansed! I have given the flaming Rome for the bed of thy death O Agrippina!

That is the last we see of Nero—a wild figure, shouting and striking his lyre, black against the red glow of the burning "mistress of the world."

Mr. Tree reveals such a part as that of Nero, and Mr. Tree declares Agrippina's lines with startling vehemence. Miss Collier and Miss Dorothea Baird are the two beautiful women, Poppaea and Acte, who in turn sway Nero's fickle heart, and the Ministers are played sufficiently well as "walking gentlemen."

But it is not the acting which makes "Nero" notable, nor Mr. Stephen Phillips's verse, although it has many merits. It is the magnificence of the dresses and the scenery. Nothing more splendid, or, on the whole, more artistic, has ever been seen on any stage.

PERPLEXING SERIES OF COTTAGE FIRES.

Eighteen cottages, within a radius of 300 or 400 yards in the village of Frogham, in the New Forest, have been burned down within the last few months.

So extraordinary a series is believed to be due to incendiarism, and the police are keeping a strict watch each night.

Of a debtor at Southwark County Court yesterday, it was stated that he had orders against him at every County Court in London.

STYLES FROM THE STAGE.

Leading Costumiers Busy Copying the Gowns in French Plays in London.

Not only the playgoer, but the dressmaker as well, is being educated by the French plays now being performed at the New Royalty Theatre.

Any night may be observed several industrious persons, their eyes intently fixed on the performers, jotting down notes and making quick little sketches on programmes or in notebooks. They are representatives of leading London houses, and the result of their labours will soon be observed in the streets.

What is worn on the stage in Paris to-day will be seen on the boulevards in April, and in London in June; so they have no fear, in closely studying the "creations" the graceful actresses display to such advantage, that their industry is misplaced.

"Of course," said the manager to the *Daily Mirror*, "the gowns are bound to interest the London dressmakers. The style of many worn by the principals is quite new."

At one of the leading costumiers, the managersess smiled at the query of the *Daily Mirror* as to the interest they were taking in the dresses at the Royalty. "We get our fashions from Paris ourselves," she said, "but there is no reason why we should neglect an opportunity like the present."

"I do not know if I am telling you a secret, but these gowns were specially designed for the edification of fashionable London."

"It is not so much the case in London," she continued, "but in Paris the leading actresses not only get their dresses for nothing, but are frequently paid to wear them. You see in France the stage is the acknowledged fashion leader."

JUDGE AGAINST BOOKMAKER.

Declares That County Courts Will Not Assist in Collecting Betting Debts.

"This court," said Judge Smyly, K.C., at the Shoreditch County Court yesterday, "is not here for the purpose of collecting betting debts. We don't want such cases here. This case stands adjourned."

The claim in point was that of Daniel Maurice Gant, "a turf accountant," of 25, Conduit-street, W., who sought to recover £16 7s. 3d. from Mr. L. Canbar, of Dalston.

Mr. Canbar said the debt was for bets, and I pleaded the Gaming Act.

Mr. Mayes (for Mr. Gant): It is too late for him to plead the Gaming Act, as he has not already done so.

Judge: Not at all. If I adjourn it he has to enter his plea five days before the hearing of the trial. Of course, he will have to pay the costs on the skill. I might say that this court is not going to assist in collecting debts which are not legal.

BLIND MAN LITIGANT

Brings Unsuccessful Action for Damages Against a Well-Known London Eye Specialist.

A blind man conducted his own case in the Whitechapel County Court yesterday.

He was suing Dr. Marcus Gunn, one of our best known ophthalmic surgeons, of 54, Queen Anne-street, W., for damages for alleged negligence in an operation through which, the plaintiff claimed, he had lost his sight.

After hearing evidence, Judge Bacon turned to Dr. Gunn and asked: "Is whatever you did in accordance with the best practice of ophthalmic surgery?"—Dr. Gunn: Most decidedly it was.

Judge Bacon (to plaintiff): I am afraid you have not made out your case. The oculist used all his skill, skill admitted by his profession, and you must be unsuited.

The doctor's advocate intimated that his client would not ask for costs.

POLICEMAN "TRUNCHEONED" BY A GIRL.

The unusual charge of "truncheoning" a policeman was preferred against Maud Cook, a young Holloway woman, at Clerkenwell yesterday.

A remand was granted, as the injured constable was reported suffering from concussion of the brain, and was in a serious condition.

The Secret of the Labour Party's Triumph.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE IN THIS WEEK'S

"Illustrated Mail."

ONE PENNY.

CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

Amusing Satire on the Set Which Practises "Beautifying" Arts.

NOTABLE LIFE OF PITT.

If you want to have on your shelves a handy, well-written, concise account of the public life of one of England's greatest statesmen, buy Mr. Charles Whibley's "William Pitt" (Blackwood, 6s.). Pitt died just 100 years ago this week, leaving this country in the midst of its life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. It was his spirit which had nerved us to take the lead in the war between France and the rest of Europe. When he died at the age of forty-six, after a marvellous career, which had made him Prime Minister at twenty-four, there was a widespread fear that Napoleon would bring us to our knees. But no man is indispensable. We won without the help of Pitt at the last, though it is doubtful whether we could have held out but for his courage and wisdom at the beginning.

"The Beauty Shop" (Werner Laurie, 6s.) is the cleverest novel which has been published this year. It is a savage satire upon the smart and would-be smart women who are fooled into the belief that they can be made lovely enough to attract men by means of false complexions and false hair and face-massage, and so on. The author, Daniel Woodroffe, gives a vivid picture of a Bond-street shop where all these "beautifying" arts are practised, and there is an interesting plot into the bargain. Also there is much amusement to be got both out of Mr. Woodroffe's characters and out of his epigrammatic style. There are not many writers who can draw a real live curate and make you like him, nor many who could bring a curate's wife's dress before you by saying that "the back looked as if struck by lightning." Mr. Woodroffe has a very decided talent for this kind of book.

"A Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies," by Lawrence M. Gibson, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton), and "Public Speaking and Debate," a reprint from the pen of the lately deceased George Jacob Holyoake (T. Fisher Unwin), are both excellent books, whose objects are sufficiently expressed in their titles. The second, besides a great amount of excellent advice, is thick with good stories of great speakers of times recent and remote.

"My Pretty Jane, or Judy and I," by A. Pretor (Deighton, Bell, and Co.), is a pretty bit of work. Its opening, with the Italian-bred orphan girl suddenly transferred to the chill proprieties of an ultra-conventional English country house, brings Mrs. Browning's versified novel, "Aurora Leigh," to mind. Readers of a recent controversy in these columns will find that the book is something of a contribution to the question "Are Animals Immortal?" A Pretor's opinion is decidedly in the affirmative, and Judy is so thoroughly nice a little animal that one is tempted to hold the same opinion.

"The Arrow of the North," by R. H. Foster (John Long), is a stirring story of life on the borders of England and Scotland during the last troubled years of the reign of Henry the Seventh, when Scotland, Burgundy, and France were lending dishonest countenance to that rather clumsy impostor, Perkin Warbeck. What we now call Northumberland was then divided into Northhamshire and Islandshire, and its barbed-arrow shape had suggested the name which serves for the title of this book. "The Arrow of the North" is well and picturesquely written, and sets forth a moving and interesting story.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's name on a title-page is always a guarantee of a strong story and conscientious literary work, and her many readers will gladly welcome "The Sinning of Seraphine" (John Long). The story is based upon a series of mysterious crimes which might well baffle even Sherlock Holmes to unravel, and will certainly provide the average novel reader with a fascinating and tantalising puzzle. It has, too, a deep strain of religious interest.

That "Anna of the Plains," by Alice and Claude Askew (F. V. White), has already reached "the paradise of a second edition" is proof enough that it makes a strong appeal to the interest of readers of fiction, and will surprise nobody who opens its pages. It is the story of a woman who, having believed herself happy in the love of a woman and the smiles of fortune, finds herself in the same bitter hour jilted by his sweetheart and beggared by the peculation of a knavish solicitor, and, accepting both disappointments with genuine pluck, sets to work to repair his shattered fortunes. Of course, he breaks his vow, and the new love leads him, through sad experiences, sadder even than the first had given him, but of a kind which teaches the truth of the poet's dictum that "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Both Anna and her husband, Michael, are well-posed characters, and the sketches of life on the veldt are well done and memorable.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Three-quarters of a ton of whalebone has just been sold in Dundee at the rate of £2,500 a ton.

The District Railway was dinged yesterday between Aldgate and Whitechapel, causing some delay in the service.

In remembrance of his visit to England, the Bible Society has sent to the King of Greece an English Bible in four volumes.

Lord Roberts will visit Liverpool next Monday to give an address to the Chamber of Commerce on "Imperial Defence."

In memory of the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, a Requiem Mass was celebrated yesterday at Westminster Cathedral.

The Rev. C. Ensor Walters, superintendent of the Wesleyan London Mission, was married at Penzance yesterday to Miss Muriel Bennetts, daughter of the Mayor of Penzance.

Purchasers of jewellery are warned by the London Jewellers' Association that a quantity of fraudulent jewellery is now on the market, articles marked "9ct." often containing only 8ct. gold.

We omitted to state that the photograph of Mr. H. Greenwood, which appeared in our issue of January 15, and the photograph of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, which appeared on January 24, were by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

To discourage the use of barbed-wire fencing, the committee of the Pychley Hunt have offered prizes for the best cut hedges in their district.

When the mail-van from Upton Lovell reached Bath yesterday it was discovered that a letter-bag, believed to have contained money, was missing.

Sir Horace Plunkett and the Hon. Whitlaw Reid were passengers on the White Star liner Baltic, which arrived at Queenstown yesterday morning.

A youth at Ballina, Co. Mayo, on being searched by the police, was found to be in possession of a book called "The Art of Burglary," a jemmy, and some files.

The "Village Players"—working men of Hildenborough, Kent—will produce next month "The Pilgrim's Rest," by Mr. D. Major, all the stage accessories for which have been made in the village.

Sir John Puleston, Constable of Carnarvon Castle, who takes a deep interest in the Welsh poor of London, has arranged to give a treat to poor Welsh residents in East London next Tuesday night at the Brunswick Chapel.

There have been placed in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington two skeletons of natives of the Andaman Islands, believed to be the only skeletons of these people in any museum in the world, for the Andamenses are very reluctant to part with their dead.

WILL RESIGN HIS SEAT TO MR. BALFOUR.



The Hon. Alban Gibbs has offered to resign his seat for the City of London to enable Mr. Balfour to represent the constituency that cast the greatest majority for a Conservative candidate.—(Russell and Sons.)

Two firemen at North Shields were badly injured yesterday by the collapse of a floor in a burning fish warehouse.

By-laws for the suppression of street noises, having received the Home Secretary's approval, were yesterday ratified by the Westminster City Council.

Mr. Nat Goodwin will appear at the Shaftesbury Theatre early next month in his famous character of Chauncey Short in "A Gilded Fool," by Henry Guy Carleton.

A small consignment of Rhodesian wool has been sold this week at the London Wool Exchange, and in the near future wool from Rhodesia will be a regular feature at the auctions.

It is stated in Wales that the Welsh Bishops intend to arrange immediately that the teachers in the national schools in the Principality shall impart Biblical knowledge in Welsh.

Some coal-trucks ran loose on the Dowlaish incline yesterday, and, smashing into the Taft Vale Railway Bridge, rendered the line unfit for passenger traffic, which had to be diverted.

The Lincoln Triennial Musical Festival will be held at the Crystal Palace on June 20 and 21 instead of, as originally arranged, on June 27 and 28, the dates already selected for the Handel Festival.

Three thousand poor children of Brighton have been supplied with stout boots by local charity that annually takes this form. Some of the children, it is said, make the one pair of boots last for a year.

Appley House, a fine residence overlooking the Solent, with grounds of about twenty acres, has been purchased by the Benedictine Convent, from Solesmes, France.

Newspaper representatives will travel to the opening of the Automobile Show at the Crystal Palace to-day by a Vanguard motor-omnibus, leaving Ludgate Circus at noon.

Birkenhead Guardians have obtained judgment for £87 17s. for maintenance against Oswald Brooks, formerly an inmate of the Tranmere Work-house, who has come into a legacy.

Counterfeit silver coins above the value of 1s. being in circulation in large numbers, the City Police have issued a warning to the public to examine carefully all money that passes through their hands.

"Straphangers" will be the topic of the Rev. Wilson Carile's address next Sunday evening at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, which will be preceded at six o'clock by sacred music and lantern pictures.

Leigh (Lancs) Board of Guardians, after a long discussion on the proposal that the workhouse master should be allowed to keep poultry, decided by thirteen votes to eight to give the necessary permission.

The late Baroness Anita Ubbagler, who died recently at Brighton, stated in her will that she desired a post-mortem examination of her body, so that her relations should know exactly the cause of her death.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Mat., Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Turz) open 10 to 10. No fees. Tel. 377 Ger.

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Strand. Lessee and Manager, FROHMAN. TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8. CHARLES FROHMAN presents ELLALINE TERRISS and STEPHEN HICKS. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2545 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8. NERO. By Stephen Phillips.

FIRST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday). And Every following Wednesday and Saturday. Box Office (Mr. Watts), 10 to 10. No fees. Tel. 377 Ger.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.10. THE HARLEQUIN KING. By R. Lothar, adapted by L. N. Parker and S. Brinton. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. Miss EVELYN MILLARD. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE. Theatre Francaise. Directed by Mr. Gaston Mayer. TO-NIGHT, TO-MORROW, and MONDAY, at 8.30. Monsieur BEAUVIN (Socialisme), la Grande Françoise, Monsieur FENOUC (de la Comedie Francaise), Madame SUGAIN (de la Comedie Francaise), la Grande Françoise. NARD, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY NEXT, LOUIS XI. MATINEE, TO-MORROW, at 2.30. LE PEU LEBRON. NARD. SPECIAL CLASSICAL MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, Moliere's MISANTHROPE, preceded by Moliere's L'ART DE COMEDIE. On THURSDAY NEXT, February 1, and February 2, 3 (Morning and Evening), First Appearances of Mlle. THOMAS and M. de LORAIN in the Grand Comedie LA PETITE FONTAINE, by A. Capus, and on February 3, 4, and 5, of the Farce Comedy, UN CONSEIL JUDICIAIRE, by A. Bisson.

ST. JAMES'S. AS YOU LIKE IT. WILLIAM MOLLISON and LILIAN DRAITHWAITE. LAST TWO NIGHTS. LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2.30.

WALDORE THEATRE, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. Lessee and Manager, the Marquis Shaftesbury. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock. New Comedy, entitled THE SUPERIOR MISS PHILANDER. By Sidney Bowkett, in which Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss WINIFRED EMERY will appear. Presided, at 8.30, by THE PARTISAN. By Max Maurey, adapted by Edward Knoblauch, in which Mr. CYRIL MAUDE will appear. MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office, 10 to 10. Telephone, 2830 Gerrard.

WYNDHAM'S. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Nightly, at 8.15. Matinee, Sat. and Wed., at 3. "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. Davies. Charles Wyndham, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Mary Moore. At 8.30, "The American Widow." Doors open at 8. 100th and SOUVENIR NIGHT, NEXT MONDAY.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3, 5, and 8. At 3, 6, and 9 p.m. "THE CHARIOTEERS," 12 Fiery Horses race at harness pace. At 3 and 9 p.m. "ALADDIN'S LAMP," introducing EUGENE STRATTON, in new songs. Miss MABEL LOVE, Miss MADGE TEMPLE, and MR. RICHARD GREEN, MISS MILLICENT MARSDEN, etc.

At 6 p.m. For young and old, "AN ARABIAN NIGHT-MARE," M. MADGE ANGOT, etc. Prices: 6d. to 2 guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. "MOND THE STALLION," "TRILING CORMORANTS," ANNETTE KILMARN, LEONARD GAUTIER, THE URSUMS, TSCHERNOFF'S DOGS, BISCOPE, SISTERS URMIA, DELORS BROS., TOLE in the Grand Comedie, SHIMA TROUPE, LAVATER LEE, RINALDO, MEZETIS, THE NOVELLIS, THE ROBARS, THE HARBIN, ALICE LORETTE, MARGUERITE DORIS, GENARO and THEOIL, THE PISCUITIS, etc.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE. AUTOMOBILE SHOW. January 26th to February 3rd. REPRESENTATIVE CARS FROM ENGLAND, AMERICA, FRANCE, ITALY, AND HOLLAND. MOTOR-BOATS (11 FIRMS EXHIBITING). AUTOMOBILES AND TRUCKS. TYRES, ACCESSORIES, AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES. The only Exhibition where Actual Trials of Cars can be made.

The Automobile Show, Crystal Palace, January 26th to February 3rd. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, Argyll-st., W. Over 200 Performing Animals. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s. Children half-price to all parts. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 4138 Ger.

SACCO. THE FAMOUS CONTINENTAL FASTING MAN (Longest Fast on Record), at HENGLER'S (annex), Oxford Circus Station, daily, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. 1s.

OLYMPIA at 7.30 p.m. Gigantic Attractions. DARE DEVIL SCHWEEVER DIVES at 10. The Marvelous Mademoiselle Meteor. Tonight, GREAT FOOTBALL CONTEST. SHROUB RING. SATURDAY NIGHT. INCLUSIVE ADMISSION, 1s.

MASKELYNE AND DEVAUT'S MYSTERIES (late MASKELYNE and COOKES), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, E.C.4. Daily, at 5 and 8. MAS-COT MOFF (new version), including Indian Mango Trick and brilliant programme. Reserved seats, 2s. to 5s.; balcony, 1s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W. WEST'S ANIMATOPHON. OUR NAVY and OUR ARMY. TWICE DAILY, at 3 and 8. ENTRY OF H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES into QUALIOR. Seats 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. Bookings at Polytechnic and all agents. Children half-price.

WORLD'S FAIR, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, Langdon. OPEN DAILY, at 1 o'clock, till Feb. 10. Circus, Menagerie, Aerial Shows, and other great attractions. Admission, 6d.

MARKETING BY POST. BREAKFAST Delicacies.—George Young and Sons, Ltd., Turf-moor, Devonshire, offer (rail paid) 46lb. side of famous mild-cured, smoked breakfast bacon, 7d. 1lb.; 14lb. box choicest Devon salted ham, 2s. 6d.; 11lb. 8s. 14lb., 3s. 6d. send to-day one trial order.—London and Provincial Fish Co., Grimsby.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are:-

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1906.

POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY.

MORE power means more responsibility. So long as an individual or a class feel that they have no share or interest in the government of the country, that individual or that class is liable to look upon the government very much as schoolboys look upon a schoolmaster—as a natural enemy.

When a class or an individual realise that the government is only the expression of the popular will—that the nation is the government in fact—then they ought at once to feel their responsibility for everything that is done in the name of the nation. They ought to prepare themselves to bear that responsibility in a worthy and dignified and honourable way.

"Now there is a workman's Parliament," said a certain Mr. Stokes to a constable at East Ham, "the people will be able to do without policemen." Unfortunately Mr. Stokes was at the moment being "run in" for drunken and disorderly behaviour. His sentiment sounded well. It was his interpretation of it which showed how much Mr. Stokes has yet to learn about the responsibility which is laid upon the masses by the results of the General Election.

What he should have said was this: "Now we have a workman's Parliament, I will take extra care not to give the police any trouble." Drunkenness is disgusting and disgraceful in anybody. It is especially deplorable and degrading on the part of a man who is taking a share in the government of his country.

It was bad enough for Mr. Stokes to be "run in" by the police in the days before we had "a workman's Parliament." He then looked upon the police (in common with most of his class) as his sworn foes, employed by "the nobles" to harass and worry him whenever he gave them the slightest chance.

By this time Mr. Stokes ought to understand clearly that he is their employer himself. He helps to pay for them. He helps to decide how many there shall be and what offences they shall arrest people for. How humiliating for him to be "run in" by one of these very policemen whom he employs to run other people in!

What a humiliating position, too, for a working-class M.P. to read how one of his constituents was dragged shamefully through the streets by a policeman. The finger of scorn would point him out as the representative of drunkards. "That is the sort of voter who sends Labour men to Parliament." Can't you hear it being said?

We sing "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves" with great emphasis, but what a lot of Britons are slaves—to drink. Surely the working class, which has now put forth its power, will no longer regard that slavery as a trivial matter.

Another direction in which the working class must exert itself—Education. What a confession a working man makes when he writes an ill-spelt, ill-expressed, ungrammatical letter, or when he displays ignorance which stamps him as a man unfitted to form intelligent opinions! Power means responsibility, and responsible people ought at least to know their own language.

Many other ways will suggest themselves in which the wielders of the new power in politics ought to rise to their position. No man is fit to assist in governing a State unless he can govern himself. If he is ignorant, narrow-minded, foul-mouthed, unmanly, lacking in self-control, his influence upon the State, so far as it goes, will be a bad influence.

If he determines to accept the responsibility which goes with power, he will have himself well in hand, be clean of thought and speech, feel too proud of his language to ill-use it, and prove himself a good citizen.

Power without responsibility has always been a curse. Power with responsibility has never gone very far wrong. H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The rich will do anything to help the poor except get off their backs.—*Tolstoy.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

HERE and there, from the depths of the Liberal flood, emerges, all the more noticeable for being solitary, some representative of Conservatism with the influence which seems still to belong to possessors of great names. An instance of such a survival is found in young Lord Dalrymple, the only son and heir of the Earl of Stair, who has just been elected for Wigtonshire. This result was only to be expected. Lord Dalrymple's family own enormous estates in the county, and their name is universally known and respected there.

Evidently Wigtonshire is determined to be Tory. It has resisted this sweeping Liberal reaction, as it did that of 1880. In 1880, strange to say, the present Earl of Stair, then only Lord Dalrymple, contested the county in the Liberal interest. He was defeated, in spite of name and family. He owns the splendid Kennedy Castle property up there, a delightful place with its acres

nothing. Lady Beatrice chose a far more sensible course than either of those. She pretended to be asleep, carefully took note of the man's face as it showed in the faint light of his lantern, and watched him disappear down the water-pipe again. Then she rang the bell, gave a careful description of the culprit to the roused household, and set people in pursuit with excellent chances of finding him.

What is certain to be a very interesting lecture is to be given to-night at the London Institution. Mr. A. C. Benson on Walter Pater—there could scarcely be a more fitting combination of names. It is known, too, that Mr. Benson is writing a study of Pater for the "English Men of Letters" series, and he must therefore have become an expert on the subject—he who is so careful and thorough in all he undertakes.

With Walter Pater, too, one imagines that Mr. Benson must have a closer affinity than that supplied by the accidents of literary employment. Mr. Benson has something of the same shy, re-

THEN WHY ARE THERE ANY UNEMPLOYED?



Sir Joseph Savory, at the meeting of the London and Provincial Bank, said the present time was one "of unexampled prosperity in almost any quarter to which one looked." Mr. Felix Schuster, another bank chairman, talked in the same strain. Where are the fruits of all this prosperity? Have the banks got them under lock and key?

of lawn-like grass, its great trees, and the ruins of the old castle so romantically filling a corner of the picture. The gardens used, I remember, to be freely shown to the public, but the kindness of the owner was rewarded in the usual way. People lunched obtrusively on the lawns, tobogganed down the terraces, and damaged trees and flowers.

The new member for Wigtonshire is an only son. But he has two sisters, and it may be remembered that one of them, Lady Beatrice Dalrymple, had an unpleasant adventure a year or two ago. She was staying with some friends in East Lothian. Her room had a big water-pipe running up the side of it, and one night, during her visit, a burglar took it into his head to climb up this and proceed to rob the room. There are several popular precedents of which ladies can avail themselves when they suddenly see a burglar in the room, as Lady Beatrice did that night.

Perhaps the most obvious way of dealing with him is to spring on his back and scratch his face, at the same time filling the house with screams. Or you can also get under the bed-clothes and say

tiring mood of mind as that which made Pater so perplexing to acquaintances.

One may be excused for imagining, too, that crowds and noise must be as repugnant to Mr. Benson as they were to Pater. The Fellow of Brasenose whose ideal in life was a kind of cultured acquiescence, a "going quietly," objected to boisterous energy except at a safe distance. There used to be a comic story told of his going with Mr. Edmund Gosse to call one day at Oxford upon Mark Pattison at Lincoln College. A few weeks before Pater had had a most satisfactory and tranquillising conversation with Pattison, but on this occasion the latter was perverse and insisted upon playing, rather boisterously, with some young people who were staying with him.

After watching the tumult for a few moments, Pater and Mr. Gosse withdrew discreetly. They walked home in silence, but when they reached his house Pater turned to his friend and said, in a deep and melancholy voice: "What Pattison likes better than anything else, no doubt, is romping with great girls in the gooseberry bushes!"

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

With regard to the disastrous rout of the Conservative Party, there appears to be a great need for legislation whereby, while protecting the working classes, the power of trade unions might be limited. The great increase in their demands tends not only to paralyse enterprise, but will in the end "kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

No business or nation can continue to prosper where the agrarian population claim their own terms and leave the responsibilities to the employer—more business means more employment; strikes—unemployment—and, after paying levies and Labour members' subscriptions, all in the worker gain in the end? W. G. M.

Evidently Mr. Turner is of opinion that "the wealthy gentleman of Wolverhampton" employs labour for a purely philanthropic purpose, certainly not for making money, and the suggestion that the aforesaid wealthy gentleman should close down his works because he has been rejected at the poll is humour of quite a Gibberian flavour.

Too long have the working men of this country echoed, parrot-like, the cries of Whig and Tory, Liberal and Conservative; henceforward they will think and act for themselves, and the fossilised views enunciated by your correspondents are like to be wholly submerged, not temporarily, but permanently, by such "a tide of insanity" as that against which they now vainly rail and protest.

46, Westmoreland-street. ARTHUR COWDEY.

Many will agree with E. Ramsey's idea that the employees are the means by which the employer "makes use of his money." Certainly, that is a "very good use," as it provides wages for the working man in return for his work.

But why is he so one-sided as to refer only to the employers' remuneration in the business by saying "he" gets his profits and thus adds to his wealth? Why not couple with it the fact that the "man" gets his remuneration or share in the "profits" of the concern in advance of the master?

The man gets his wages at the week's end, but the master has to wait till he has found a market for his goods, and has "got the money" before he knows what his "share" will be. It is his under no obligation to capital, why is it that hundreds of applicants apply for a vacancy, all pressing their special fitness for the post?

HERBERT MORRIS.

33, Ashford-road, Maidstone.

"CROWNERS' QUESTIONS."

I have read "H. H. F.'s" leader, and entirely agree. Why should the task of inquiring into unnatural deaths be given to doctors? It is work for trained investigators.

Take, for instance, the inquest on my daughter's death (Mrs. McGowan). A verdict of Suicide by morphia was returned, yet no steps were taken to find who supplied the morphia.

I have since discovered who was in the habit of providing it. I have proof in his own handwriting, and I have written to the Home Office authorities thereon.

But it is now too late for them to act in this great mystery, which occurred in Essex.

THOMAS WOOLLARD.

Dundonald, Boscombe Hill, Bournemouth.

THE QUEEN'S UNEMPLOYED FUND.

What has become of all the money collected? The *Daily Mirror* fund did good, and gave immediate help to the poor and distressed. Not a penny piece has come to Hoxton or Shoreditch. I know Hoxton well, having been in it for the last thirty-six years. We have had no processions, or noisy meetings, but there is much real want and distress.

I get no help for my poor from the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association, because, unfortunately, we have no voluntary visitors, and can make no collection in our church!

WILLIAM MICHAEL PUTTICK.

Vicar of St. Anne's, Hoxton-street, N.

PAYMENT OF RURAL COUNCILLORS.

One of the earliest matters to be taken in hand by the new Parliament ought surely to be a Bill to provide for the payment of parochial councillors.

Many parish councillors in the country have allotments, and other profitable evening work, which has to be left to others whilst they are working for the good of the parish at council meetings.

Councillors ought to be so placed by the country as to be able to pay a substitute.

KIMBOLTON. JOHN LACKLAND.

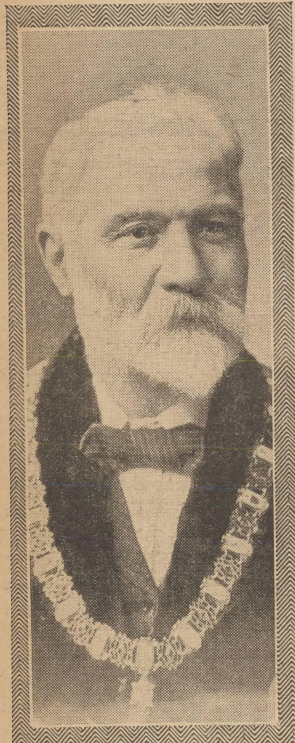
IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 25.—Buds now plainly show on the perennial candytufts, those valuable and beautiful evergreen plants. The popular garden variety, "sempervirens" should be grown everywhere. It soon forms a spreading mass of green, and in spring is nearly hidden by countless dead white blossoms.

The Lebanon candytuft, though less robust than the above, is a lovely subject for the rockery. It should be given a dry, calcareous soil. The annual candytufts make charming summer beds of colour, and are of the easiest culture. E. F. T.

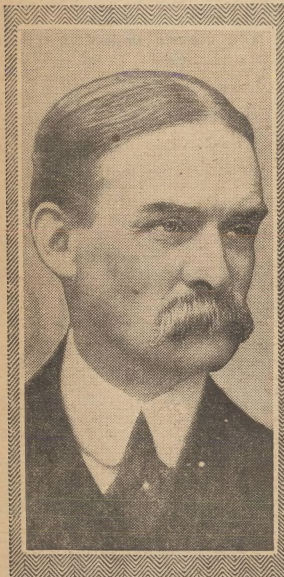
NEWS

SEVEN TIMES MAYOR.



Sir Daniel Dixon has been re-elected Conservative member for Belfast, where he is the most prominent citizen, having been seven times Lord Mayor of that city.—(Lafayette.)

BEST DRESSED M.P.

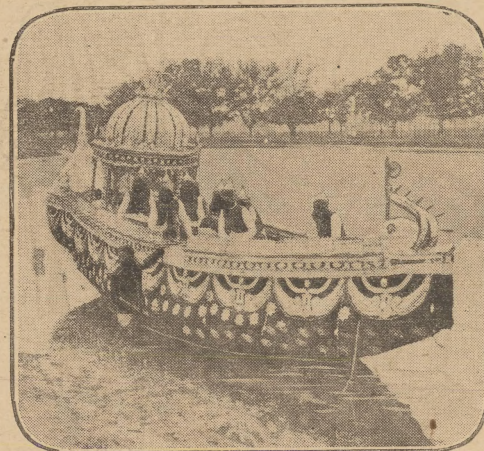


Sir W. S. Robson, K.C., member for South Shields, and Solicitor-General, has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in the House of Commons.—(Beresford.)

WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN INDIA.



Tashi Lama, the religious Tibet chief, being driven in the Vice-roy's carriage to visit the Prince at Government House, Calcutta.



Decorated and illuminated barge, which carried the band at the native procession of boats before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Calcutta.



Placing the tiger shot by the Prince of Wales when at Gwalior on a pad elephant. The above photographs were taken by the *Daily Mirror* staff photographer accompanying the royal tour.

THE DAY'S NEWS

MISS KATE CUTLER'S MO



Between 9.30, when the curtain falls on Act I of the "Spring Chick Gaiety" and 10.35, when Miss Cutler again appears there, she fills minute engagement in "Hero and Heroine" at the Palace Theatre, of a Vanguard motor-omnibus.

"DAILY MIRROR" SNAPSHOTS BY LIVING CELEBRITIES.

No. 6.—By the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH.



Tree in Park Hurstbourne. On exhibition at the Kodak Galleries, 40, West Strand.

At a c
ing at

ILLUSTRATED

R-OMNIBUS DRESSING-ROOM.



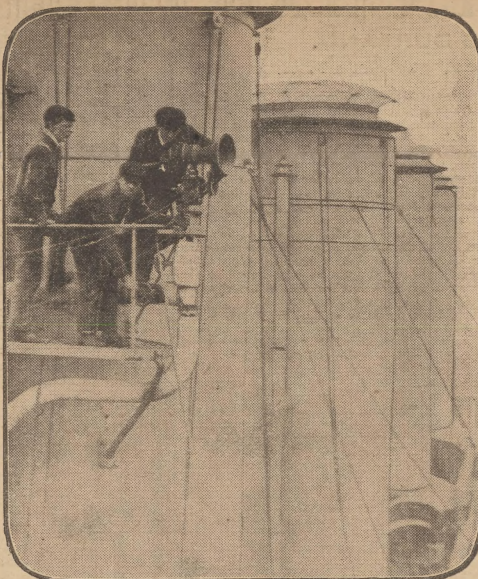
Inside, the omnibus has been fitted up as a dainty dressing-room, festooned with pink roses and lighted by electricity. Here she effects a "quick change" in her costume on both journeys, and is able to make a record in stage appearances.

C.C. NAUTICAL SCHOOL AT POPLAR.

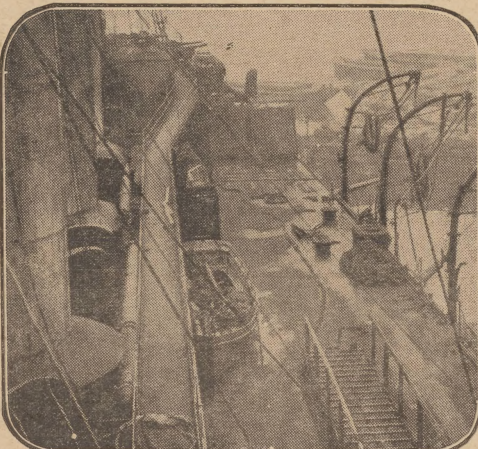


London County Council have equipped a school of marine engineering instruction is given in seamanship, naval architecture, and experiments. The above photograph is of the navigation room.

THE NEW CRUISER H.M.S. BLACK PRINCE IN THE THAMES.



Built by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, the Black Prince, the latest and most powerful type of armoured cruiser, is to be on view to-morrow (Saturday) in the Victoria Docks, a small admission fee being charged on behalf of the Seamen's and other hospitals. Deck view showing the funnels.



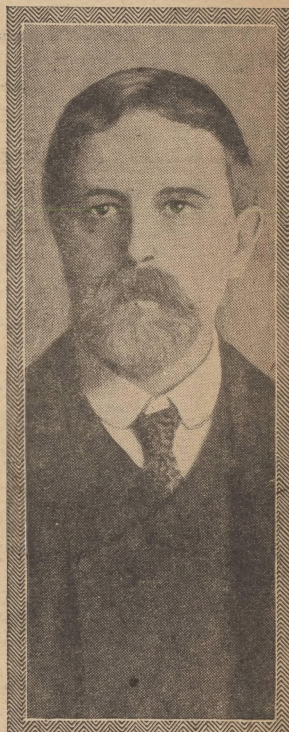
General view of the deck from the navigating bridge.



Workmen engaged in fitting the propeller to the port pinnacle of the Black Prince.

PORTRAITS

ATHLETIC M.P.



Interrupted at a Liberal meeting at Barnes, Mr. Yoxall seized the ring-leader, put him out of the room, and went on with his speech in peace.

MEMBER'S NOTABLE BEARD.



Sir John Kennaway, M.P. for the Honiton Division of Devonshire, has the most handsome beard of any member of the House of Commons.

THE BROKEN LAW.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

Author of "Dacobra," "Love, the Criminal," "Love at a Price," etc., etc.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

GEORGE CRAWSHAY, a wealthy bachelor of forty, had just left an eminent specialist, who had told him he had ten years to live. Crawshaw had spent the last ten years in an endeavour to take vengeance on a man who had betrayed his step-sister, and he had failed completely. He had not even known the man's name. As Crawshaw sat gloomily contemplating his long and useless search, he was interrupted by **SIR RICHARD GAUNT**, a brutal, unscrupulous man of ill reputation. Crawshaw told him of the result of his interview with the specialist, and also of the futile search he had been making for the man on whom he longed to be revenged.

Then he made a proposition that amazed Gaunt. He knew the impetuous state of the spendthrift, and offered him £20,000 on condition that he undertook to hunt down the man and ruin him after he (Crawshaw) was dead. But Gaunt, unscrupulous as he is, would not consent to this monstrous scheme.

Rakehell Gaunt gave a dinner at his flat. **LORD CARFAIX** and **George Crawshaw** were his guests. The men had all been drinking heavily. A quarrel arose, in which Gaunt killed Lord Carfax.

Gaunt was horrified at what he had done; but Crawshaw, drawing him aside, told him that he (Crawshaw) would say he committed the murder—if Gaunt would consent to the scheme already proposed to him, and to hand down the tale he wants to be revenged upon. This Gaunt swears to do.

Crawshaw is arrested for manslaughter and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He dies in prison, leaving Gaunt £20,000.

Then Gaunt discovers that the man he has sworn to ruin and hunt to death is well known to him. In fact, it is Sir Richard Gaunt himself.

He feels relieved at once. His task is over. The tale of ruin and death he regards as absurd. He becomes engaged to

LADY BETTY DRAKE, but owing to ill-health, he is advised to take a sea voyage; so he sails for Australia. The steamer is wrecked, and Gaunt is picked up by some Arabians belonging to a little coast settlement on the border of the desert. Here, for many months, he lives a simple and hard-working life amongst the natives.

He leaves the settlement, and endeavours to work his way back to England. But he is lost in the desert and struck down by an illness.

CHAPTER XIX. (continued.)

When the lawyer had left the room Lady Betty resented herself in the chair before her desk, and dipped her pen in the ink. But although she had several private letters to write she did not put the pen to paper, and the ink dried on the nib. She placed the end of the penholder in her mouth and stared at one of the windows.

"Thirty thousand pounds," she said to herself. "He must have been a great friend of Dick's."

She recalled the unpleasant incident of Lord Carfax's death, and her mind went back to the days at Gaunt Royal. Then she began to think of Sir Richard Gaunt, and at once pulled up her thoughts with a sharp jerk. This was a matter that she never allowed to obtrude itself in business hours.

She dipped her pen in the ink again, and commenced to write, and in a few seconds she was only thinking of the recipient of her letter, a woman who was a shorthand writer in Winnipeg, and who had been literally rescued from the gutter, where she had been found lying in a drunken sleep. Her mind resembled a highly-trained horse, which can be checked in the middle of a headlong gallop, turned round, and sent off in another direction.

When she had finished the letter she sealed it up, addressed it, and commenced another. And she occupied herself in this way for an hour and a half. These letters were not strictly business letters. They were written as from one friend to another, but they were all part of a great scheme for keeping in touch with those who had left the home.

Then a servant came in with a tray, and the lifted covers revealed a chop, some boiled potatoes, and spinach. Lady Betty stamped her letters and handed them to the girl to post; then she ate her frugal meal, and read an evening paper which the servant had brought in on the tray. Never for a moment did she leave herself time to think about the past.

She was hungry, and did not leave a particle of meat on the bone of the chop. The dishes which contained the vegetables were empty.

Then she left the table, and seated herself in an easy chair which was close to the fire. She allowed herself ten minutes' rest before commencing her work, and this was spent in a way which would have jarred on the feelings of most charitable women. She took a cigarette out of a box which lay on the mantelpiece, placed it in a tortoise-shell holder, and lit it. It was a real pleasure to her, for it was the only one she allowed herself in the day. During these ten minutes she refused to see anyone, for she was accustomed to interview women who looked on smoking as the accompaniment of a fast and vicious life.

When she had finished the cigarette she rose to her feet and opened the window to let the smell of smoke out of the room. It was a cold night, and a north wind blew fiercely down the street. The view from the window was similar to that which may be seen in many of the slum thoroughfares of London. The houses were mean, ugly, and dilapidated. They rose straight from the edge of the pavement, without any intervening rail or strip of garden. The home itself was like its neighbours in this respect. The tide of human misery flowed up to its very doors.

The cold air would have sent many women shivering back to the warmth of the fire, but Lady

Betty, regardless of consequences, drew in deep breaths of it, and looked down the street. There were few people to be seen, but from the hideous wall of houses came all the sounds of human life—the wailing of children, the coarse laughter of women, the shouts of men, now and then the distant sound of a blow, followed by a scream. Through broken window-panes and ill-fitting doors the noises of humanity filtered out into the night.

A wider thoroughfare ran at right angles to the end of the street, and this was a vivid blaze of light. Black figures passed to and fro against the flare of paraffin torches, a confused murmur of voices formed an obligato accompaniment to the nearer and more distinct sounds. A barrel organ tinkled far away in the distance.

Then, from the other end of the street, which seemed to vanish in darkness, as a path loses its way in the wilderness, there came a few derisive yells and shrieks of laughter.

A moment later Lady Betty saw a man walking slowly along the middle of the road. A few yards behind him marched a dozen gutter urchins, pushing and jostling each other. It was not an uncommon sight, but the man in such cases usually lurched from side to side, and turns round to pour out a torrent of filthy language.

This man, however, walked straight on, and appeared to be perfectly sober. It was only when he came nearer that the reason for the little crowd became apparent. He was dressed in some long, dark garment that reached to his ankles. His feet and head were bare. Possibly he was some foreigner from the Oriental Exhibition at Earl's Court.

As he came still closer, and the glare of a gas-lamp fell upon his face, Lady Betty saw that he was lean and dark-skinned. His black hair descended almost to his shoulders, and his beard and moustache and whiskers were shaggy and unkempt. He moved along slowly, apparently unconscious of the train of derisive followers. His arms were folded, and his head bowed on his breast.

Then he suddenly stopped, and raised his face to the sky, and stretched out both his hands towards the East.

"Woe unto you, accursed city!"

His voice rang out like a clarion, above all the mean noises of the night. The boys fell back from him, and giggled. Doors and windows opened down the street, and towied heads were thrust out.

"Woe unto you, accursed city!" Again the voice rang out clear and distinct, as a bugle-call for battle.

"Go it, dorkie," shouted a man huskily from the vantage point of an upper window. "Give it 'em 'ot, Moses."

And the little boys danced and shrieked with laughter.

Then a policeman appeared, mysteriously, from nowhere, as they do in the worst quarters of London. His burly form moved steadily towards the tall figure with the outstretched hands.

"Move along, guv'nor," he said roughly. "We can't 'ave this 'ere, you know. You're obstructin'."

The man slowly dropped his hands to his side and returned down the street into the darkness. One of the little boys, emboldened by the protection of the law, threw a lump of mud at the retreating figure. Then the policeman threatened, and the crowd dispersed.

Lady Betty shut down the window and returned to her letter writing.

But, as she went to sleep that night, she still heard the ringing tones of the voice. She could not understand why the words of a religious fanatic should have left so deep an impression upon her mind.

CHAPTER XX.

The Idealist.

Over a fireless grate in the tiny back room of an East End lodging-house sat the man who hoped to achieve the conquest of England.

The furniture of the room consisted of a sugar-box, which was being used as a chair, a cracked jug and basin set on the floor in a corner, and three coarse brown rugs, one of which was rolled up to form a pillow. On the window-sill stood a loaf of bread, a knife, and two bottles, one of them filled with water, and the other converted into a useful candlestick.

The whole scene suggested abject poverty, but no one could have called it squalid. It was rather the encampment of a soldier on the field of battle. The necessities of life were reduced to a minimum.

The figure of the man himself would have redeemed any scene from the commonplace squalor which characterises the homes of the very poor in London. His thin, brown face, his long, black hair, and shaggy beard suggested some prophet of the Old Testament. His chin rested upon his hands, and his eyes, fierce and dark, seemed to look through the bare walls of his dwelling-place to the great city that encompassed him on every side like a sea.

Sir Richard Gaunt, after an absence of five years, had returned to England. Apart from the change in his personal appearance, due largely to the growth of his hair and beard, his whole manner

(Continued on page 11.)



Coughs and Colds.

Angier's Emulsion quickly overcomes an ordinary cold. It immediately relieves the chest, hacking cough and allays the irritation and soreness of throat and chest. At the same time it keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition and acts as a tonic to the entire system, enabling the patient to throw off the cold and to resist further attacks. It is equally good for the cough of chronic bronchitis with profuse expectoration, the dry, harsh throat cough, the irritating laryngeal cough of influenza, and for whooping cough and croupy coughs of children. Of Chemists, 1/1, 2/9 and 4/6.

A FREE SAMPLE

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Mention "Daily Mirror."

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KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

A Superb TONIC FOR THE LIVER

There is no finer medicine extant for Constipation (the scourge of humanity), Dyspepsia, Headache, or Indigestion.

SAMPLE BOX FREE OF CHARGE

LIVER LOGIC.

The Liver is the most important organ of the human body.

A bad Liver means a bad temper; an active Liver, cheerfulness.

If you want to eat well, live well, sleep well, and work well—

Take Kaye's Worsdell's Pills. They will make you feel A1.

They bring back the ruddy glow of health and laughing eyes.

Once tried and proved, we expect you to recommend them to all you know.

One good turn deserves another, and recommendation costs nothing.

Some people doubt the efficacy of medicine in any form.

These are the people who want to test Kaye's Worsdell's Pills.

The greater the sceptic, the greater the victory. Test them at once.

They are old-fashioned, but they have never been beaten as a Liver Tonic.

TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. W. Kirby, 4, Ludgate Arcade, E.C., writes:—

"My wife was very ill, and had the opinion of several doctors, when I gave Kaye's Worsdell's Pills a trial, and am glad to say they have perfectly cured my wife. We always keep them in the house."

To obtain Kaye's Worsdell's Pills free of charge and post paid

SIGN THIS FORM.

NAME.....

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("Daily Mirror" Jan 20, 1906.)

NOTE.—Try before you buy is common sense. We believe in common sense, and will send you a sample box of pills absolutely free of charge.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1, 2/9, and 4/6, in boxes. Don't be put off with injurious substitutes.

SEND COUPON TO DEPOT, 13, GEORGE STREET, NORWICH.

Note The Name!

ONOTO
Self Filling Safety
FOUNTAIN PEN

CANNOT LEAK

FILLS ITSELF IN 5 seconds
without any trouble and without inkling the fingers.
A regulating and shut-off valve enables the flow of ink to be regulated and suit any style of writing and shut off entirely when not in use. The "ONOTO" Self-filling and Safety Pen therefore

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THE MONEY MARKET.

Investors Do Not Realise Their Opportunities in Home Rails.

KAFFIRS KEEP DULL.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Markets were a little jumpy to-day. They were not bad. Some of them were quite reasonably good considering that there was next to no business. And there were reasons for the better feeling. In Home Rails the dividends continue to work out right up to the tip-top of expectations, but the buyers do not come. Ask the first man you meet about Home Rails, and, if he thinks anything at all about it, he will in three cases out of four be a little pessimistic.

The fact of the matter is the average man is either too busy or too something else to be able to size up the opportunities. One day he will wake up to what increased dividends and improving trends mean to the railways. Then he wants to invest his money in them. The great point is that the wary investor should be in beforehand. He can sell for these belated folk later.

METROPOLITAN "DIG" AT DISTRICT.

Today's North-Eastern dividend was a reminder of improving trade at 61 per cent. per annum, a very good dividend, which only put the price up a fraction to 146½. The South-Western maintained its dividend, and so did the Central London and the Waterloo and City.

At the Metropolitan meeting the chairman said that they did not have to go abroad for the rolling-stock, and that they had paid no more for it, and that it was better in quality. Was this a "dig" at the District, with its gimcrack electrical furniture?

Prices are a little better in the gilt-edged market. Consols are 89 15-16, money prospects being bright.

AMERICAN THREATENED COAL STRIKE.

The wirepullers cannot altogether keep up American Rails. There is no reason why they should on merits and with the possibility of a gigantic coal strike ahead. Prices were lower to-day, but inclined to rally at the close.

Canadian Rails were also rather uncertain, though the Canadian Pacific traffic was a remarkably good one. The stale "bulls" were selling Trunks. Wet weather reports from Argentina seemed to depress Argentine Rails slightly, though they were talking again about the Argentine Great Western and B.A. Pacific amalgamation. The Antofagasta proprietors finally approved the new capital arrangement scheme at their meeting to-day. Brazilian and Cuban Rails were dull.

In Foreigners there was a firm tendency as a whole, though Japanese, perhaps, were rather an exception. And copper shares were not so good, probably because of the unsatisfactory American advances.

NO BUSINESS IN SOUTH AFRICANS.

The Kaffir market had scarcely a bargain doing. It is surprising when, not only is news sufficiently unsatisfactory, but even when good results are suddenly reported from one property, they have to be very considerably offset directly afterwards. This has been the case with the Geduld and its fresh discoveries, and people are naturally disgusted, and ask what it all means. So Kaffirs keep dull. They tried to knock West Africans about at first, but these picked up later, and Westralians were rather a firmer market.

The Bovril Company pays 4 per cent. on its Deferred, against 3 per cent. last time, and the improved dividend caused the various shares to pick up. The electric lighting group is steadier, and the market likes the confidence of the City Company in asking the Corporation to test the recent developments in street lighting, which it claims show superiority to incandescent gas.

The brewery group continues dull, owing to fears about possible action by a Liberal Government, though perhaps the downward movement has been overdue. Nobody takes the rumours of a coming splitting in Hudson's Bay shares very seriously, owing to the strong action taken by the board in the past when the gambling groups have approached them on the subject.

TWO DAYS IN A COFFIN.

Archdeacon Relates Gruesome Experience to "Anti-Premature Burial" Society.

Cold shivers went down the backs of those attending the annual meeting of the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial yesterday, when Archdeacon Colley told gruesome stories in support of a resolution urging such an amendment of the burial laws "as will secure complete immunity from the danger of premature interment."

As a child, he said, he was laid in a coffin, and for two and a half days was regarded as dead. The nurse, however, saw a movement of his hand, and a doctor, being called in, he was restored to consciousness.

GIRL ACROBATS' WOE.

Left Penniless in a Foreign Land by Defaulting Managers.

Many as are the woes of the girl who "goes on the stage," none of them is so pitiful as the plight in which they are only too often landed when they trust to the promises of a manager who offers them a European engagement.

A case which came under the notice of the *Daily Mirror* yesterday was only one of many.

A female troupe of twelve acrobatic performers were engaged in London for what was said to be a thirteen months' tour of the Continental centres. They were given contracts promising them 30s. a week for six weeks and 50s. a week afterwards.

Last September the twelve girls left London for Copenhagen, the envy of all their friends. Were they not "on the stage," and were they not going to "see the world?"

The twelve girls have seen it now—more of it,

indeed, than they wanted to. They performed for two weeks at Copenhagen, and then travelled to Berlin, where they appeared for four weeks in a circus. During this time, however, they only drew two weeks' salary.

But worse was to come. The "show dried up," to use the language of the profession, and the "managers" returned to England, leaving the girls "stranded" and without money.

Their experiences are described in a letter which has just reached London, and which is written by one of two sisters, aged seventeen and eighteen, who were members of the troupe. "I have not answered your letter because we have been without food and also money," she says. "We have been living in Berlin for weeks almost starving, and with not a rag to our backs. I thought I should go mad with it all, we suffered so much. Then you sent that 10s., and we bought food with it, but that was soon all spent."

"If you could send a little money and some clothes, we will pay it back as soon as we can; but how long it will be I don't know."

As nothing has been heard of these two girls since Christmas, their distracted mother is now making tearful inquiries as to their whereabouts.

MARCH OF UNEMPLOYED TO LONDON.



Starting with ten men from Liverpool "Captain" Gibbon says he hopes to lead a large contingent is expected to join the ranks to-day at Hanley. "Captain" Gibbon is standing in the centre of the photograph holding a red flag. Behind is a barrow containing handcuffs and leg-chains, with which he gives an exhibition at the various halting places.

THE BROKEN LAW.

(Continued from page 10.)

had so altered that no one could have ever identified him with the man who had left for Australia on the Santigon.

Save that all changes in a man's life are due to the power of a Supreme Being, no supernatural agency had been necessary for this change. The hours of agony on the raft, the new life lived among the simple workers of the desert, the long days spent in a journey across the wilderness, the illness which had reduced all physical resistance to the lowest ebb, the repentance, the knowledge of how a man's life should be lived—all these had been the seeds which might one day grow into a forest of sturdy trees. The physical change had prepared the ground for the mental and the mental for the spiritual.

Then, after the recovery from an illness which had brought the man near to death, there had come another year of solitude, in which he had been given time to grapple with the new problems that had risen before his mind. And then nearly two years of wandering in the desert with a band of Tuaregs scarcely less savage than nature itself.

And during those years the seeds of thought grew fiercely in a fertile soil. The new ideas, at first vague and nebulous, gradually formulated themselves into a definite plan of action. The uncertain hopes and desires grew into a fixed purpose.

And when at last he reached a port he resolved to return to England, and do the work that he had been called upon to do.

He worked his passage to London on a tramp steamer, and landed with four pounds in his pocket. It was a small amount for the campaign that lay before him, but he thought that it would serve. His creed was founded on the idea that a great reformer should be content with the barest necessities of life.

Money would be wanted.

There lay the essence of the whole scheme, the one practical difficulty in a campaign which had its motives in the highest aspirations of heart and intellect. It was a confession of weakness, but it was the truthful confession of a man who realises the strength of his enemy.

A thousand years ago no money would have been required. Eloquence, fierce, religious fervour, perhaps even the help of sword and fire. But now, in the twentieth century, when the huge and

hideous idol of money dominated the whole world, there could be no victory without the means of organising a great campaign. At the present time the word "means" denotes one thing, and one thing alone—money.

Sir Richard was practically penniless. Two days after his return he had seriously considered the advisability of declaring his true identity. The declaration would have placed him in the possession of money. And anything he had to say would come more forcibly from the lips of a large landed proprietor than from the mouth of an itinerant beggar. But the record of his past rose up before him like a wall. He had no wish to pose as a converted sinner. His conversion was too deep for that. He wished to be regarded as the man who had come from the deserts of the East, and who had brought with him the truths that a man can find in great solitudes.

Yet money must be found—a gigantic sum of money. A thousand preachers must be provided with their daily bread. There must be no begging by the wayside. And for yet another reason money must be found. It must be shown that those who have the handling of great wealth can yet live the simple and austere life of an anchorite.

He picked up a copy of a halfpenny paper, and read a short paragraph which concerned him intimately. It ran as follows:—

DISORDERLY, BUT NOT DRUNK.

A curious scene was witnessed in Piccadilly last night. A wild-eyed, long-haired man, whose garb and appearance suggested the Desert of Earl's Court, thought it a fitting place to give vent to his views on the evils of wealth and the general decadence of modern society. He collected a large crowd, and for a few moments the street was blocked. But the police, unmindful of the ideal, but fortunately careful of realities, haled him off to the nearest police station, where the state of his mind was inquired into. We understand that the doctor said he was not drunk, and he was dismissed with a caution. He looked like some prophet of the Old Testament, but he must have felt smaller than that.

Sir Richard Gaunt's face darkened as he read the paragraph. Then his eyes caught the heading of the next paragraph, and it was a curious contrast to the one which preceded it.

"THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD SAYS LIFE IS A BURDEN."
(To be continued.)

Facts Concerning Mental Depression

Men and women who are engaged in business, the professions, teaching, journalism, or who have embraced an artistic career, are only too familiar with mental depression, and the worst of it is that frequently the wrong treatment is adopted, and, consequently, no permanent good is gained. No description can paint in sufficiently strong colours the acute suffering mental depression inflicts on its victims. The mind is filled with gloomy forebodings, and vague presentiments of coming trouble, and there is a general feeling that everything is wrong and will not come right. Under such circumstances daily duties are an insupportable burden, and the lack of energy and power of mental concentration, which is another symptom of the condition, worry the sufferer and still further depress the spirits, until work becomes almost impossible. In all questions of health you should go to the root of things. Discover the real cause of the trouble, instead of merely dealing with the symptoms, and you will have taken one step towards finding the remedy. Get down to the cause of mental depression and other symptoms of nervous exhaustion, and apply the remedy there. Then, and then only, is your condition likely to show real improvement. The causes of mental depression are too deep down to be corrected either by stimulants or general tonics.

REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Mental depression is, in the majority of cases, the result of nervous exhaustion, and nervous exhaustion is the result of the wearing away of nerve tissue quicker than it is replaced. If the nervous system is thoroughly restored and rebuilt, the clouds of mental depression will lift, and you will once again be ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Tonules restore and rebuild the nervous system. That is the secret of their power. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will effect just what you want. Bishop's Tonules do two things. First they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn away, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and a double benefit is thus gained.

Mr. H. G. writes:—"After suffering from nervous debility for seven years I have been cured by using Bishop's Tonules. A friend procured them for me, and I have taken them regularly for six months, and am now quite well. Friends have written asking me to give them particulars of my case, and you may give my full name and address to anyone applying to Alfred Bishop, Limited."

TO-DAY IS THE BEST DAY

to commence Bishop's Tonule treatment. Send for a vial, which will be forwarded for 1s. 3d. post free within the U.K.; or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 6d. With every package is enclosed a leaflet on "Nervous Disorders," full of useful facts and information. N.B.—Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

OLMA

A FINE OLD MALT GIN.

The "Lancet"—"... analysis shows . . . free from sugar or other extractive matters and acidity."

LAMBETH DISTILLERY, S.E.
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THE MAIDSTONE VIOLIN SET.

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Price 21/-

Write for Circular.

MURDOCH, Dist.
MURDOCH & Co. A.
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The neglected friend

is often the best. The little dried currant used in puddings and cakes is more nutritious than lean beef and mutton, which are over two-thirds waste. The currant is nearly two-thirds actual nourishment, ready to make energy and vitality. The delicious sweet-tart juice helps health. Currants should be eaten daily by everyone, young, middle-aged or old.

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A MOST DELICIOUS AND : :
INVIGORATING RESTORATIVE.

THREE AGENTS OF HEALTH IN A PICTURE.



MEDICAL SKILL—GOOD NURSING—AND "WINCARNIS."

ANEMIA, or bloodlessness, is one of the commonest troubles of the present age.

Ordinary Anemia is a condition of everyday occurrence and is seldom treated seriously.

Note the thousands of pale faces hurrying each day to sedentary occupations.

These are they which are easily fatigued, but who struggle on and on without complaint.

Occasional faints, headache, breathlessness, and palpitation are all signs of Anemia.

The real state of the case can instantly be diagnosed by examining the gums and eyelids.

These, instead of being a rich pink, are pale and but delicately tinted.

The fact is the blood has been exhausted either by sedentary occupation or overwork and anxiety.

This consumes the red corpuscles, leaving the blood thin and watery—a serious condition.

Anemia may also arise from mental depression, anxiety, disappointment, and insomnia.

But whatever the cause, the condition calls for a powerful restorative and nerve tonic.

Drugs are not sufficient; the blood must be enriched at once.

"WINCARNIS" is the acknowledged agent of health and strength in all such cases.

"WINCARNIS" taken consistently soon brings back the ruddy glow of health.

"WINCARNIS" has received over 8,000 testimonials from distinguished members of the medical profession—an unsurpassed achievement.

"WINCARNIS" has gained golden opinions from the nurses and staffs of the leading hospitals throughout the world.

"WINCARNIS" is good for everyone, whether in health as a beverage or in sickness or convalescence as an infallible restorative.

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"Wincarnis" is sent Free of Charge in exchange for the Coupon, providing you send the three stamps to pay the carriage. No charge whatever is made for the bottle of "Wincarnis." Mark the envelope "Coupon" and write address legibly.

"Wincarnis" is sold by Wine Merchants and all Grocers and Chemists holding a wine licence, but should any difficulty arise in obtaining it, kindly write for address of nearest agents to the Proprietors—

COLEMAN & CO., LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Name.....

Address.....

("Daily Mirror," Jan. 26, 1906.)

WHEN LITTLE TEETH ARE COMING

The pains and perils of teething-time are unknown in nurseries where SCOTT'S EMULSION of cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda is used. Purest Norwegian cod liver oil broken up into tiny globules (*i.e.* emulsified) by the perfected Scott process cannot upset the stomachs and Scott's is so nice that your baby will take it readily—you will not have to force it down the little throat. Also, the lime in Scott's provides the necessary material (so often wanting) for straight, strong, white teeth. The nourishment in Scott's makes teething babies rosy and chubby and so strong that teething-time need not be feared. Scott's and Scott's alone assures good, long restful nights.



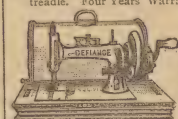
¶ 3, Seymour Terrace, Anerley, 4th May, 1905. "As soon as my little boy began teething he fell away and got very flabby and irritable. He also had a nasty cough which kept him awake at night. We gave him Scott's Emulsion. Now he is cutting his teeth very easily and has grown into a particularly fine child for his age." E. M. Cox. ¶ If you would like your baby to try SCOTT'S, send for a free sample bottle and coloured picture book

"The Good-Time Garden" (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper.) SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Mention "Daily Mirror," and send stamped addressed envelope, and two Free Samples will be sent you. ZOX Powders, from Chemists, Stores, etc., 1s. and 2s. 6d. a box; post free from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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BUNTER'S

NERVINE
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REDUCED Prices to Cash Buyers. as from Jan. 1.—Seven Kings, within a few minutes of station and electric tram, well-built compact villa residences, containing six good rooms, bath (n. and c.), long gardens (laid out); detached forecourt, electric bells, and all gas fittings supplied; leases 99 years at £5 ground rent; price reduced from £255 to £220.—Write at once for full particulars to S. S. Smith, Estate Office, Aldborough Rd., Seven Kings.

THIRTEEN Shillings and Sixpence weekly and a small sum down will purchase semi-detached, seven-roomed Villa; certified modern drainage; decorations unique; seen any time.—35, Woodside Rd., Bowes Park, N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A.—Everyone having surplus cash of £5 upwards should write at once for our pamphlet, forwarded post free, which explains how £10 may be invested to return £1 6s. to £2 10s. profit weekly; other amounts proportionately; no trouble involved; many genuine unsolicited testimonials from customers.—Fraser, Greig, and Co., 11 Queen Victoria St., London.

ARE you interested in Canaries and other Cage Birds? If so, send for my free list, which contains valuable information to all intending purchasers, or my "Amateur's Guide, with Two Hundred and Fifty illustrations of birds, aviculture, etc., two stamps cover postage, forwarded by Royal Mail.—W. Rudl, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA are curable.—Sufferers should write without delay for full particulars of remarkable discovery which is curing hundreds; your very life depends upon this knowledge. 24-page book sent post free for 1d. stamp.—J. C. L. D.M. Laboratory 135, Camberwell-grove, London.

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MRS. TREE AS AGRIPIPA IN THE NEW PLAY "NERO."
SHOULD WIVES SAVE?

MISTAKES AND ADVANTAGES OF THE VIRTUE OF THRIFT.

BY THE MAN WHO LOOKS ON.

I have a friend who has been married for seventeen years. He is as good a husband as ever trod this earth, and he has a wife to match. But she is just a trifle thoughtless. Let me tell you what happened.

For sixteen years he gave her £4 a week for household expenses, and all went well with the pair. But, unfortunately, about eighteen months ago, the little money he had managed to save all went in doctors' bills and other heavy expenses consequent upon a serious illness in the family. Shortly afterwards he received three months' notice of dismissal from his post as cashier on account of his firm joining a combine, and for a month he did not tell his wife of his new misfortune because he hoped to spare her

he called her "pilfering," which, however, alone saved him and her and their family from semi-starvation for several months.

Can it be said, then, that a wife is justified in pilfering secretly? Generally speaking, I should say "No." So much depends upon the financial position of a household that the responsible head, if he be a reasonable man, ought to know precisely what that financial position is. The improvident husband, who spends every shilling he can lay his hands upon, is an exception who, in my opinion, does not deserve his wife's confidence as regards her own thrift, and he alone is to blame if chances of improving his position are let slip through his ignorance of there being a "nest egg" in the house. But there should be no money secrets between a married couple when both are reasonably thrifty.

There is one common tendency which, I think, merits unqualified condemnation, and that is the tendency of many wives to seek to save money by buying inferior or insufficient food. Of all the methods of false economy, that is the most deplorable, and I do not blame the husband who says very bitter words when he finds his wife has been "economising" in that way. I know women who give their innocent little children cheap, unwhole-



One of the very beautiful dresses seen in "Nero." Mr. Tree's production at His Majesty's Theatre last night, is sketched above. It is worn by Mrs. Tree as Agrippina in Act III., and owes much of its beauty to its wonderful colouring. The draperies shown are of deep sea greens and blues with a bordering of sparkling sequins and a cuirass bodice to match.

a good deal of worry by finding a fresh berth before informing her that he had lost the old one.

When a fortnight of his notice had expired he was offered a partnership in a lucrative little business on condition that he brought £200 capital into it. He had no money. He hated to borrow, so the chance went by.

A few weeks later his wife gleefully told him that she had saved five shillings per week out of her housekeeping money ever since they were married—"as a pleasant surprise for him in case there came a rainy day." The "nest egg" now amounted to £250. Her secrecy had lost him that share in the little business, which, by the way, is rapidly becoming a veritable goldmine, and he has been driven to accept a clerkship at less than £150 a year.

So much for good intentions gone wrong. I do know men, on the other hand, to whom the secretly saving wife would be a blessing. Her refusal his wife a single shilling more than she appears to need, but who is extravagant and careless of the future himself, would be very fortunate indeed to have a helpmeet who was able to save and to keep him ignorant of the fact. I call to mind a man who used to spend quite ten shillings a week on billiards and an equal amount on his attendant evils. Hence adversity found him utterly unprepared. Nevertheless, when he was told by his wife that she had managed to scrape together £27 in eight years he raved like a madman over what

some food, which ought never to be put upon a table. They proudly bank their surplus wealth every Saturday, and twice a year they draw it all out to pay doctors' bills. Their husbands, who usually dine in the City, never suspect the cause of the frequent illnesses in their families. If they did, there would be a series of marital storms such as I do not care to contemplate.

A NEW JOURNAL FOR LADIES.

A new home journal devoted to the interests of ladies of all ages makes its appearance this week. There are the usual stories and pictures, but added to these are some strikingly novel features, among them an attempt by the editors to solve the problem of the girl who cannot find a husband.

Other attractions of the journal, which is called "The New Home Circle," are answers to correspondents on household matters, affairs of the heart, etc., etc. There is also a delightful new series of "true stories" by a well-known actress, entitled, "My Life on the Stage." "The New Home Circle" costs one penny, and will be recognised by its unique cover.

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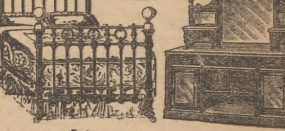
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